

PICTURESQUE MAINE

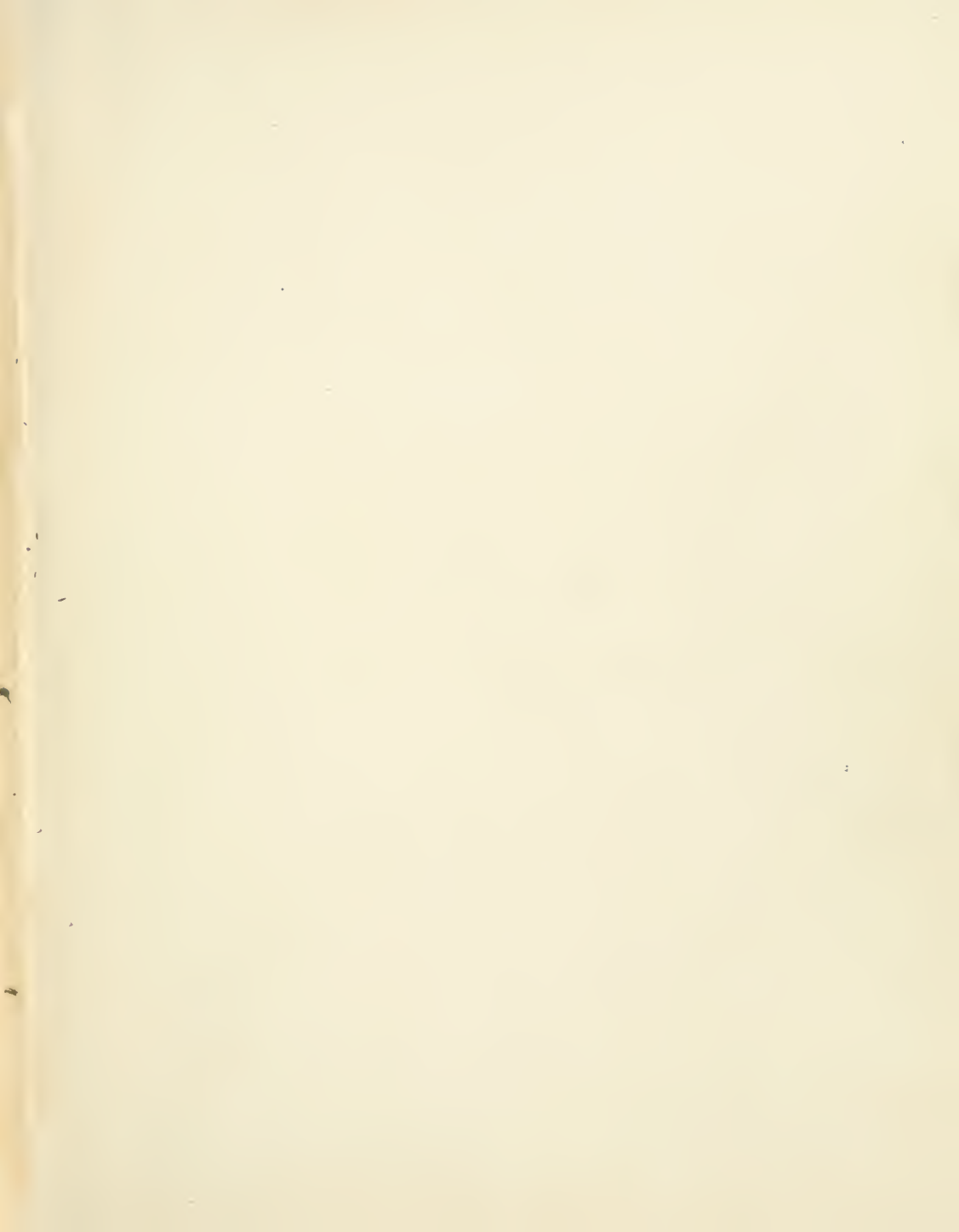
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PICTURESQUE MAINE.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY

M. F. SWEETSER.



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CHISHOLM BROTHERS.

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*"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."*

LONGFELLOW.

"What is most striking in the Maine wilderness is the continuousness of the forest, with fewer open intervals or glades than you had imagined. Except the few burnt-lands, the narrow intervals on the rivers, the bare tops of the high mountains, and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted. It is even more grim and wild than you had anticipated,—a damp and intricate wilderness, in the spring everywhere wet and miry. The aspect of the country, indeed, is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from hills, and the lake prospects, which are mild and civilizing in a degree. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for: they lie up so high exposed to the light, and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like amethyst jewels set around some jewel of the first water,—so anterior, so superior, to all the changes that are to take place on their shores, even now civil and refined, and fair as they can ever be. These are not the artificial forests of an English king,—a royal preserve merely. Here prevail no forest laws but those of nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed, nor nature disforested. . . . What a place to live, and what a place to die and be buried in! There, certainly, men would live forever, and laugh at death and the grave."

THOREAU.

"The rich, warm, red blood, is the triumph of the Sea; by it she has animated and armed with mightiest strength her giants, so much mightier than mightiest giants of the earth. She has made that element, and she can re-make you, poor, pale, drooping flower. She abounds, superabounds, in that rich, red blood: in her children it so abounds that they give it forth to every wind. . . . And she has also, what you have not, a superabundant strength. Her breathing gives I know not what of inspiring excitement, of what we may call physical heroism. With all her violence, the great generating element inspires us with the same fiery vivacity, the same wild love, with which she herself palpitates."

M. JULES MICHELET.

*"Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
Through his painted woodlands stray,
Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
'Let me with my charmed earth stay.'*

*On the grain-lands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn, like train-bands,
Plume and pennon rustling gay;
Out at sea, the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch away, far away,
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day."*

WHITTIER.



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PORTLAND.

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PICTURESQUE MAINE.



MAINE, the Pine-Tree State, covers an area of about thirty-two thousand square miles, nearly half of the soil of New England; and is equal in size to Scotland or Ireland, or to Belgium and Holland combined. It is more than double the size of Greece, and one-seventh as large as Texas. A tenth of this area is occupied by inland lakes, the reservoirs of the great rivers; and nearly two-thirds is still primeval forest, from whose timber scores of cities are yet to be built throughout the Atlantic States. It is in this noble wilderness, large enough to engulf States and principalities, that the abounding natural attractions abide which draw myriads of visitors each returning season.

The population of Maine is not far from six hundred thousand souls, dwelling by the rivers, in the belt between the ocean and the forest, and subsisting mainly by commerce and manufactures. Swarming from this northern hive, like their Gothic ancestors, scores of thousands of enterprising pioneers have migrated to the far West, to found new realms in the silent heart of the continent; or have spread through the elder Atlantic States, where their energy and determination are everywhere conspicuous. There are a few manufacturing cities, like Lewiston and Biddeford, prolific in cotton cloths and other useful wares; a few decadent ship-building towns, slowly fading into the reposeful and mildly reproachful aspect of the elder Tuscan cities; a hundred obscure ports, sacred to schooners and fishing-craft; and many quiet little river-towns, alongside the broad bright streams from the wilderness. Back of these, and on the highlands between, are extensive areas devoted to farming, where dwindling settlements pursue the most ancient of human avocations.

But the predominant interest of Maine is maritime, in the coasting-trade and the fishing-fleet; and the line of the shore, whose sinuosities extend for twenty-five hundred miles (in a direct distance of less than three hundred miles), affords facilities for fisheries only second in magnitude to those of Massachusetts. Every Norwegian hamlet and farm-neighborhood possesses its ship; every Nova-Scotian cove has its name emblazoned on some far-sailing vessel; and almost every family on the Maine coast owns some part of a trim little schooner or brig, familiar with the coast from Labrador to the Carolinas, and has a kinsman in her crew. The fibre of the Vikings is in the make-up of these men; and they still merit the glowing eulogy of Burke: "Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits,—whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle,—we hear that they have pierced into the opposite regions of polar cold; that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South."

Nine hundred years ago the Norsemen, sailing far southward from brumal Iceland, came upon this coast, on their adventurous way to the vineyards of Narragansett. The Crusades were then far in the future; and Charlemagne had been dead hardly more than a hundred years. Nearly four centuries ago, and before the Reformation, the fishermen of Biscay began to frequent the bays of Maine; and the Cabots sailed these narrow seas, sighting the vast littoral solitudes. A hundred years later, Gosnold and Pring explored the coast, and De Monts and Champlain took possession in the name of France, raising the Bourbon lilies and the cross at various points.

Soon English colonies dotted the silent coast,—Popham's Anglicans at the mouth of the Kennebec, Vines's traders at Saco, Gorges at York; and the great contest began which ever attends the settlement of Anglo-Saxons in barbarian lands, from Plymouth to the Yellowstone. For nearly eighty years, long and bitter Indian wars ensued, by which the colonists suffered decimation, and most of their towns were destroyed. The savages received aid and direction in their attacks from French officers and armaments, and for three generations the settlements were in a state of siege. Appalling massacres ensued, at Arrowsic, Black Point, Casco, and Dover; and terrible retributions followed, until the aborigines were finally driven back through the wilderness to the St. Lawrence Val-

ley. A few hundred were suffered to remain, and their descendants still dwell on the Penobscot islands and by Passamaquoddy Bay.

One of the most intelligent of the old pioneers told Thoreau that the lumbermen still found, here and there in the remotest forests, tall oaken crosses, which were set up by the first Roman-Catholic missionaries, journeying from Quebec to evangelize the wild tribes of interior Maine. These lonely symbols of faith must be the oldest monuments of European civilization in the State, for the dauntless "black-robed chiefs" established missions here not far from 1610. Along the margin of the sea, on high promontories or surf-beaten islands, are remnants of forgotten fortresses and villages, Norse, French, Dutch, or English, mingled with mementos of an older civilization, whose source the antiquaries cannot even conjecture.

One by one the ancient royal grants of land east of the Piscataqua were bought up by Massachusetts, or fell to her by default, until at last the Bay Province governed the entire domain, from the year 1686 until 1820, when the District of Maine was elevated to the rank of a State, the twenty-third in the order of seniority of American Commonwealths, and (except Florida) the youngest of the Atlantic States. Since that time, in spite of its great contributions to the Western exodus, the population of Maine has more than doubled. Between 1860 and 1870 there was a marked decrease in the number of inhabitants, owing in part to the civil war, and in part to Western emigration; but between 1870 and 1880 there was a notable increase in the population, and also in the valuation of the State, which is nearly a quarter of a billion dollars.

The fantastic folk-lore of the Acadians has invested the eastern provinces and the lower St. Lawrence with a wild and legendary charm; and the masterly conceptions of the urban poets and historians of Massachusetts have made the lower Atlantic coasts of New England, from Nantucket to the Shoals, a classic strand. The scenery of the shores of Maine has not been thus endued with the imperishable charm of romance, and its countless legends and poetic episodes of history still await the touch of refined and patriotic genius. Here and there the sweet music of minstrelsy lingers along the coast, where Whittier attuned his melodies to the wild sea-breeze at Harpswell Neck or Castine Point, or to the sighing of the pines of Norridgewock; or where Longfellow's plaintive threnody for his lost youth still haunts the bright reaches of Portland

harbor and town. Nor should we forget the delicate and subtle characterization of a Maine hamlet and the social canonization of a Maine damsel, as recorded by Howells in his "Lady of the Aroostook;" or the exquisite sweetness of "The Pearl of Orr's Island," wherein Mrs. Stowe portrays, with rare skill and insight, the life of the dwellers on Casco Bay, infused with quiet but intense passion, and filled with the spirit of the sea. No better handbook can be found for the sentimental traveller to the eastward than that which portrays the character and surroundings of the little Orr's Island community, so like to hundreds of others between Cape Neddick and Lubec.

The libellous Knowles sent word to the London clubs, many years ago, that the climate of Nova Scotia consisted of nine months of winter, and three months of fog; and, as late as the Jacksonian epoch, it was generally believed that Maine enjoyed six months of winter, and six months of fog. There are fogs, sometimes, on this coast, which for solidity and endurance can fairly rival any that ever enwrapped the land of Scott and Bruce; but they surely banish the dog-days, which are not found beyond Monhegan. Da Costa exults, strangely enough, in saying, "At Mount Desert we have an opportunity of studying every variety of foggy display." They yet tell of the old captain, who drove his jack-knife into a fog-bank while dropping down Penobscot Bay, and, on his return from a three-years' voyage in the Pacific, found it still sticking in the same place. But, happily, the Gulf-Stream exhalations are only occasional visitors on this serene coast. The average annual temperature is $43\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, varying from 102° to 30° below zero, with sixty-four rainy days, and thirty snowy days, in a year. The summers are usually temperate and mild, and afford admirable days for travelling, especially in the yachts on the blue sea, or the canoes on the upper rivers.

Yet Maine was for many decades a *terra incognita* among pleasure-travellers. In his work on American scenery, published at London forty years ago, N. P. Willis naively wrote that "Very much the same sort of incredulity with which one reads a traveller's account of the deliciousness of the Russian winter comes over him when it is proposed to him to admire any thing so near the cradle of the east wind as Penobscot River." Lowell, in 1854, spoke of Maine as the "mystery of the Orient;" and Thoreau regarded it chiefly as the guardian of a wilderness more interesting than any other this side of the great prairies. Ten years ago, however, so ripe

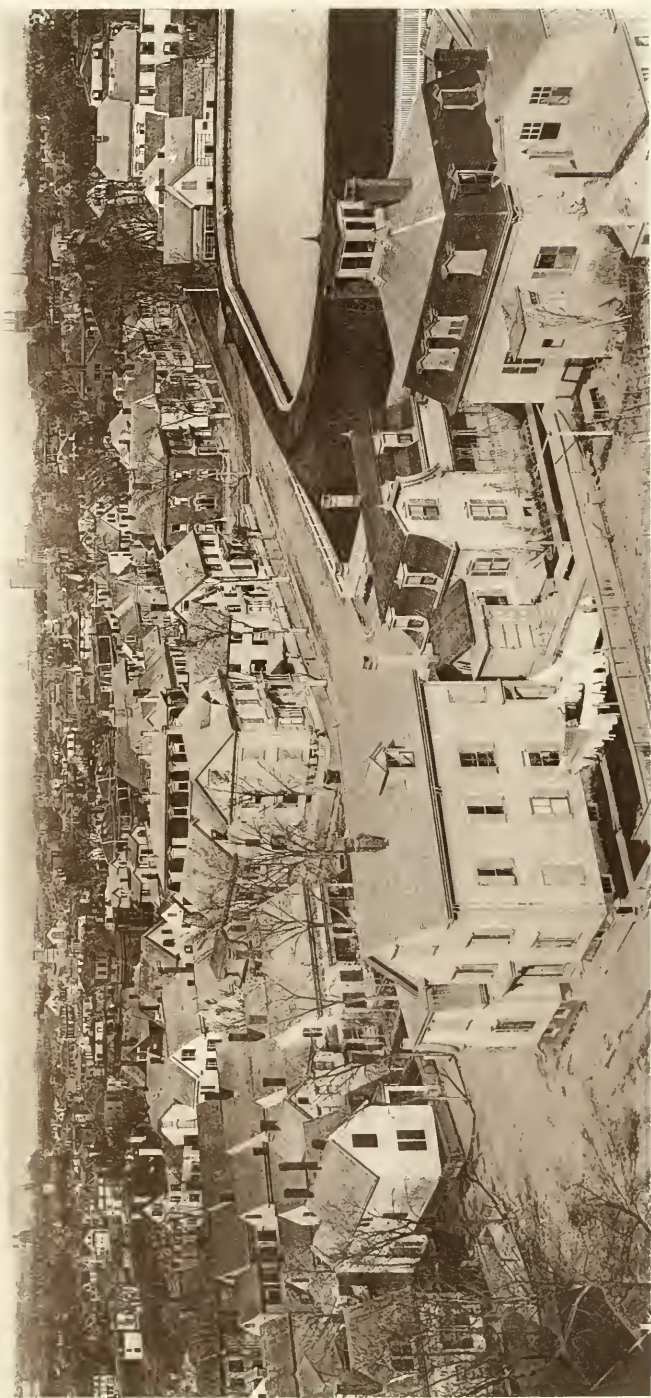
a scholar and so experienced a traveller as Mr. Da Costa ventured to speak thus: "We hear much of the coast-scenery of Cornwall, the Isle of Wight, and the Mediterranean; but still we do not fear to place in comparison the varied and romantic beauties of the coast of Maine. The entire seaboard is fretted and fringed in the most remarkable manner, forming a long-drawn labyrinth of capes, bays, headlands, and isles. The mingling of land and water is indeed admirable. Here a cape, clad in pine greenery, extends out into the sea, coquettishly encircling a great field of blue waves; there a bold headland, with its outlying drongs, meets and buffets the billows with catapultic force; here the bright flood runs merrily up into the land, the hills stepping down to its borders, mirroring their outlines, as in a glass; there a hundred isles are sown, like sparkling emeralds, in the summer sea."

As the more adventurous of our summer-tourists began to weary of the artificial attractions of Saratoga and Newport, they went farther afield, and discovered this land of the mountain, the forest, and the flood, with its rich endowment of natural charms and untrodden solitudes. New routes were established to facilitate their wanderings; and great hotels arose on many a frowning headland, and by many a highland lake. The hopeless wilderness became a park, a preserve of game; the iron-bound coast was visited by fleets of dainty yachts. Like Nice, like Venice, the ancient maritime towns, from which the sceptre of commercial power had been wrung, became the pleasaunces of thousands of travellers from more prosperous regions; and the revenues which no longer came by the way of the sea were freely given in virtue of the salubrity of the northern air.

Rarely is the luxury of travelling so efficiently aided by the appliances of modern art as it now is within the borders of Maine, where the most comfortable means of access are prepared for all notable points. Three first-class railroads connect Portland with the great cities to the southward, and two others give approach to the White Mountains and Canada. The Maine Central Railway covers the inhabited part of the State with a net-work of well-constructed lines, centring at Portland and Bangor, with branches and tributary routes reaching out in every direction,—to Farmington, close to the Rangeley Lakes; Skowhegan, amid the beauties of the Upper Kennebec; Dexter, in the region of Moosehead Lake; Bath, the point of departure for a score of fascinating marine excursions, including Boothbay, Pemaquid, and Mount Desert; and Belfast, at the

head of the picturesque Penobscot Bay. This great corporation, stretching its Briarean arms from Portland harbor to the Penobscot, and into the northern forest and along the maritime peninsulas, is managed with English precision and order and American enterprise and intelligence, so that the public convenience is the law of the road, and the word "accident" is eliminated from the vocabulary. President George E. B. Jackson supervises this complicated system of routes, and guards its financial security; Superintendent Payson Tucker is the vigilant executive officer, insuring safety and convenience on all the lines; and Mr. F. E. Boothby is the general ticket-agent, ever forming new combinations of routes, and devising new attractions for travellers. Eastward from Bangor the European and North-American Railway leads across the wilderness to near the State line, from whence the St. John and Maine Railway extends to the political and commercial capitals of New Brunswick; and other lines diverge from Bangor also towards Moosehead Lake, and down the Penobscot to Bucksport. Between the ports and islands along the coast, and upon the inland lakes, scores of steamboats ply throughout the summer, bearing thousands of pilgrims of pleasure to beaches and fishing-grounds, where the air is perfumed by the exhalations of the forests, or charged with the invigorating coolness of the sea.







PORTLAND.



THE chief city of Maine, with its forty thousand inhabitants, its varied manufactures, and its large and increasing oceanic and inland commerce, arose from a little trading-post planted (in 1632) on the Indian domain of Machigonne, which was leased to the traders by Gorges, the royal grantee of Maine, for two thousand years, and, as the deed ran, "from now and forever henceforth to be called or known by the name of *Stogummor*." By 1675 the town was at the height of prosperity, when the first Indian war began, and thirty-four inhabitants were killed or captured here in a single day; wherefore, when the humiliating peace of Casco was signed, the harassed burghers erected a defensive work called Fort Loyal on the present site of the Grand-Trunk station. Thirteen years later, when the village had six hundred inhabitants, the second Indian war broke out, and a fleet bearing the veteran Major Church and a large force of Massachusetts volunteers arrived the day before the town was assailed by four hundred Indian warriors. After a long and bloody battle between the volunteers and the savages, just back of the Cove, the latter gave way and abandoned the field. The next year a force of five hundred "half-Frenchified Indians and half-Indianized French" (as Cotton Mather relates) beleaguered the town, nearly exterminated a sortying company on Munjoy Hill, and formally besieged Fort Loyal, which was forced to surrender five days later, after all the houses had been burnt, and most of the garrison wounded. The site of Portland remained desolate and solitary from this disastrous day until after the peace of Utrecht, nearly twenty-five years later, when it was rebuilt by disbanded soldiers from the adjacent forts. In 1746 new

attacks were made by the red foresters, and the warlike citizens fortified their streets, erected a battery on the site of Fort Gorges to repel the Duke d'Anville's French Armada, and sent fifty soldiers to the siege of Louisburg. The town now bore the name of Falmouth, and had a large trade in fish and lumber and West-India goods, besides being one of the main depots of masts for the British Navy. There were about two thousand inhabitants here, of good rebel blood and martial ancestry, on that fair October morning of 1775, when Capt. Mowatt entered the harbor with five British naval vessels, and gave the people two hours to leave the doomed town. For eight hours the men-of-war poured balls and bombs upon Falmouth, and boat-loads of marines landed and fired the buildings, until three-fourths of the place was destroyed, and hundreds of families were homeless. After this annihilation by artillery, Falmouth became a nest of privateers and a military post, under the command of Gen. Frye, the founder of Fryeburg. For many a century thereafter peace dwelt on these shores, and industry was highly rewarded. On the night of July 4, 1866, however, a fire broke out in the business-quarter of the city, which burned fiercely for sixteen hours, destroying every thing in the most densely built district, and involving a loss of ten million dollars. But this phoenix of cities has once more risen from the ashes, with fairer proportions and more stately buildings, and is bravely adorning herself for the next episode in her history.

A peninsula, composed of two graceful hills and a high valley between, fronting on the neighboring ocean and the lovely labyrinths of Casco Bay, terraced by long and broken lines of houses, and crowned by groups of symmetrical spires and domes, flanked by broad and high-placed parkways which look on the mountains and the sea, fringed by the masts of commercial fleets,—such is Portland, the Forest City, the metropolis of Maine, the winter-port of Canada. On the one side are wide and embowered streets, bordered by double lines of venerable trees and still more venerable mansions; on the other, solidly built mercantile streets, with curving blocks of brick, stone, and iron, in that light and airy American architecture which Ruskin so fiercely condemns. An ethereal white-marble building, with Corinthian colonnades, like a temple of the age of Pericles, serves as the post-office; and a graceful structure of granite, seated by the water-side, gives royal shelter to the collectors of customs for this northern Tyre. The city fathers meet in a stately build-

ing of Nova-Scotia stone, larger than the Guild Hall of London, and made thus spacious not without the hope (now dispelled) that it might become the Capitol of Maine. This monument of civic pride cost nearly two-thirds of a million; and is supplemented by many other municipal luxuries, such as the aqueduct from Lake Sebago, seventeen miles distant, with the purest lake-water in the world; and the great railroad through the White-Mountain Notch, for whose construction the city advanced its credit for a formidable amount. Another distinction which Portland enjoys over other cities of her size is that she has no college, although well provided with museums and libraries, and various literary and fraternal associations. The numerous churches culminate in the large and all-including Romanist Cathedral, and, by oblique succession, in the snug and aristocratic Anglican Cathedral.

Next to the palace erected many years ago for his residence by Commodore Preble, the hero of the Tripoli wars, and now used as the Preble House, stands a building which will probably be looked upon with more interest, fifty years from now, than any other in the Forest City, for within its walls long dwelt Henry W. Longfellow, who was born, in the year 1807, in the ancient house now standing at the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets. After that august name, how little appear the other illustrious Portlanders, the naval heroes of the Preble family; or Neal Dow, the crotchety reformer; or exceedingly quaint old John Neal; or Bishop Southgate, of Constantinople, *in partibus infidelium*; or "Fanny Fern;" or even the now obsolete N. P. Willis.

Munjoy Hill derives its name from its first owner, a Mountjoy of Devonshire, and justifies its etymology to whoever ascends the queer old tower on its summit, on a clear summer day, and looks out over the magnificent prospect which extends for scores of leagues on every side, and is made minutely definite by the aid of a swinging telescope. On one side is the entire range of the White Mountains, with their various peaks easily recognizable, and the dark outlines of their ravines quite distinguishable; and on the other side the dark blue ocean, the maritime suburbs, and the bewitching groups of islands which seem perpetually engaged in a dance of beauty on the waters of Casco Bay. Nearer at hand is the narrow harbor, with its three unformidable but picturesque forts, and the tall light-houses on the tip of Cape Elizabeth.

As a centre of excursions, no Atlantic city can equal this bright and

breezy queen of Casco Bay, with her numerous sea-lines, to New York, Boston, and St. John, and to Rockland, Bangor, Mount Desert, and the beautiful islands of Casco Bay and the harbor, dotted with summer-hotels and surrounded by the choicest marine scenery. On the landward side, railroads pass southward to a score of famous beaches, and north-west to the fairest villages of the White Mountains, Fryeburg and North Conway on the Saco, or Bethel and Gorham on the Androscoggin, or to the Arcadian beauties of Lake Sebago, only an hour from the city, through the ancient rural towns adjacent. Eastward and northward run the tracks and branches of the Maine Central Railway, leading to the Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes, the bays and beaches of Eastern Maine and Mount Desert, the ports on the sea, the cities on the great rivers, and the Maritime Provinces.

No city, except Constantinople or Naples, has more beautiful marine suburbs, especially up Casco Bay, where the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence are duplicated amid the nobler currents of the great ocean. So narrow are the straits, that they are often overshadowed by the maple and oak trees growing on the islands; and again broader vistas are terminated by kaleidoscopic groups of bouquet-like isles, spreading widely at the top from narrow and massive bases. A voyage up the bay, to classic Harpswell, either in yacht or steamer, is filled with the poetry of romantic scenery, and stimulates the imagination with a variety of the most pleasing pictures. Grand marine scenery is found also on Cushing's Island, in front of the city, and at Cape Elizabeth, near the famous Portland Light and the batteries which command the outer roads.

There are nearly one hundred and fifty islands in the bay, with scores of fair peninsulas, and many a deep and sequestered cove, leading by sandy beaches to bright and grassy glades, whose only inhabitants are melodious birds, free from fatal intrusion, and singing the whole day long. The glory of the isles is in their luxuriant and varied foliage, which rises from the water's edge in mound-like swells of verdure, the perennial green of the pine and fir, the vivid tints of the oak and beech, and the graceful forms of the maples, which change in autumn into such brilliant scarlet that the islands seem to be breaking into flames. Among these extend the water-ways, delicious coverts under the trees, nooks between mimic continents, clear channels of sea-water insinuated into the fringed-out mainland, until the scene assumes the similitude of a rural Venice, whose

genii are the weird herons who gave its name (in the Indian tongue) to the bay; and whose domes and towers are the bare hill-tops and rugged crags which overlook the ocean and the distant White Mountains.

A little farther down the coast is Scarborough Beach, famous for its clams and game-birds, and entertaining the travelling world in several hotels and boarding-houses.

Between Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth is Richmond Island, lying just off-shore, and covering two hundred acres of land. It was named probably for the Duke of Richmond, a member of the council of Plymouth, and received its first white settler in 1628, two years before Boston was founded; but he and his companions were killed by the Indians, three years later, and their buildings were burned. A stone pot of gold and silver coins and jewelry, which was buried at this time, was accidentally unearthed in 1855. It was a Massachusetts man-of-war that pounced on the hostile Indians, and gave them a condign punishment; and the island was occupied by Plymouth (England) merchants as a trading-post, with numerous colonists, an Episcopal church, and a shipyard where the *Richmond* and other vessels were built. Beaver-skins, fish, and pipe-staves were exported in large fleets; and cargoes of English supplies were returned, with merry-making ship-loads of Spanish and Madeira wine. Flemish and Fayal ships also visited the port; and many a well-laden vessel sailed thence direct to Spain. In 1676, the Saco Indians, under Mogg Megone, captured the island and a vessel in the harbor, with all on board; and, the following year, the former maritime port had sunk so low that it was sold for ten pounds. Portland had drawn all its commerce away.

What Loch Katrine is to Glasgow, and St. Mary's Loch to Edinburgh, and the streams of the Sabine Hills to Rome, Lake Sebago is to Portland, the source whence artificially-built rivers flow downward for leagues, to gush forth in refreshment in the urban houses and streets. And Sebago is only less beautiful than Katrine, with its broad area of fourteen by eleven miles, its fair islands, and its environment of mountains. The gallant Macgregors surrounded Katrine with the glamour of legend, and Sir Walter Scott celebrated its charms in many a glowing stanza; but the American lake taught Nathaniel Hawthorne many a weird fancy, while the years of his youth were passing on its shores; and the more melodious harps of Longfellow and Whittier have sounded its praises in flowing numbers. If there is advantage, it rests with Sebago.

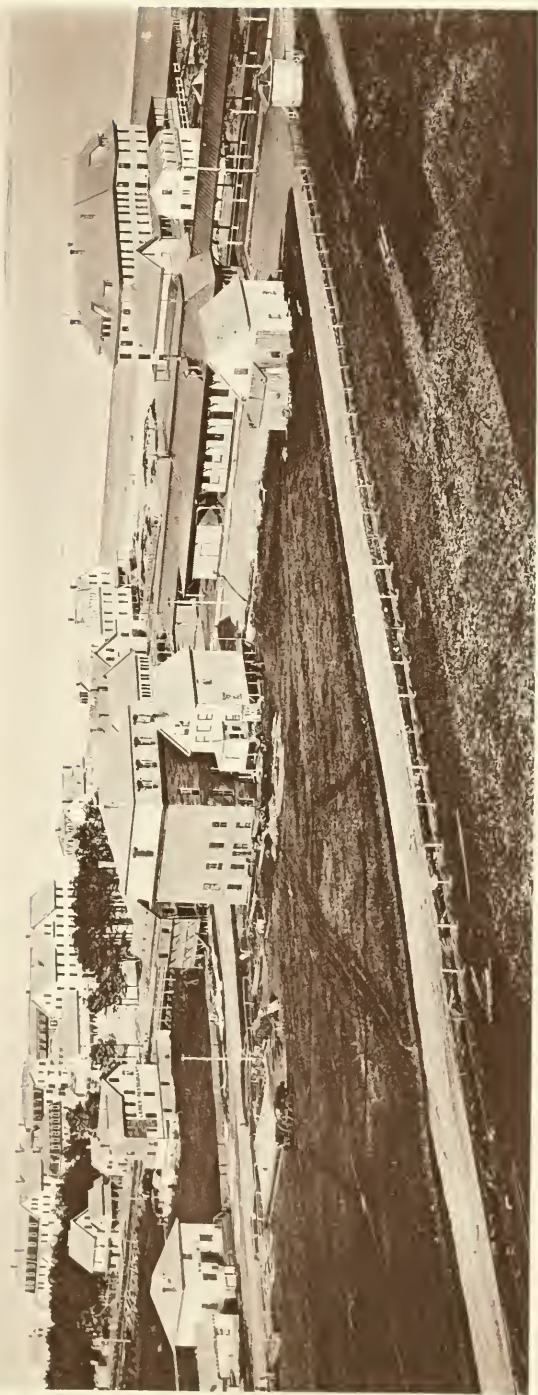
It is but little more than a half-hour by train from Portland to this highland lake; and the steamer traverses its whole length, and then winds for two leagues through the deliciously labyrinthine and convoluted Songo River, emerging first into the Bay of Naples, and then into the Windermere-like expanse of Long Pond, where rural hamlets stud the long-drawn shores. To the northward, surrounded by many a notable mountain, is the birth-place of Artemus Ward, the prince of droll fellows; and to the west, beyond busy Bridgton, swells the long rampart of Mount Pleasant, crowned by a large white hotel, and looking into the very heart of the White Mountains.

Beyond Sebago Lake, the railroad passes across to the Saco River, which it follows up by the ancient Wadsworth mansion, where Longfellow passed so many of his boyhood's holidays, in the home of his mother's father; and then looks down on the white and glistening Great Falls of the Saco. Farther out is the lovely village of Fryeburg, near the ground where Lovewell's Rangers were all but annihilated by the Pequawket Indians, a century and a half ago, —

“What time the noble Lovewell came,
With fifty men from Dunstable,
The cruel Pequawtt tribe to tame,
With arms and bloodshed terrible.”

“The fairest town on the stream of the Saco” still remains in the same quiet provincial dignity which it enjoyed eighty years ago, when Daniel Webster taught its academy; and the same huge old trees rise over the fair meadows, and nod in the breezes which come out of the adjacent defiles of the White Hills.

Seventy miles from Portland, on the route to Canada, the Grand Trunk Railway, is the fine old village of Bethel, on the meadows of the upper Androscoggin, and near the picturesque highland scenery of the Grafton Notch. The route thither leads through several interesting and decadent towns of Western Maine, skirting Casco Bay, and passing the Indian-scourged fields of North Yarmouth, the ancient border-fortress of New Gloucester, the aristocratic little county capital of Paris Hill, and the fair scenery of Bryant's Pond. Bethel has long been a favorite resort of visitors to the White Mountains, which fill all the western sky with their rugged domes and spires, and are richly contrasted by the emerald meadows about the village, and the tranquil blue stream of the Androscoggin.







OLD-ORCHARD BEACH.



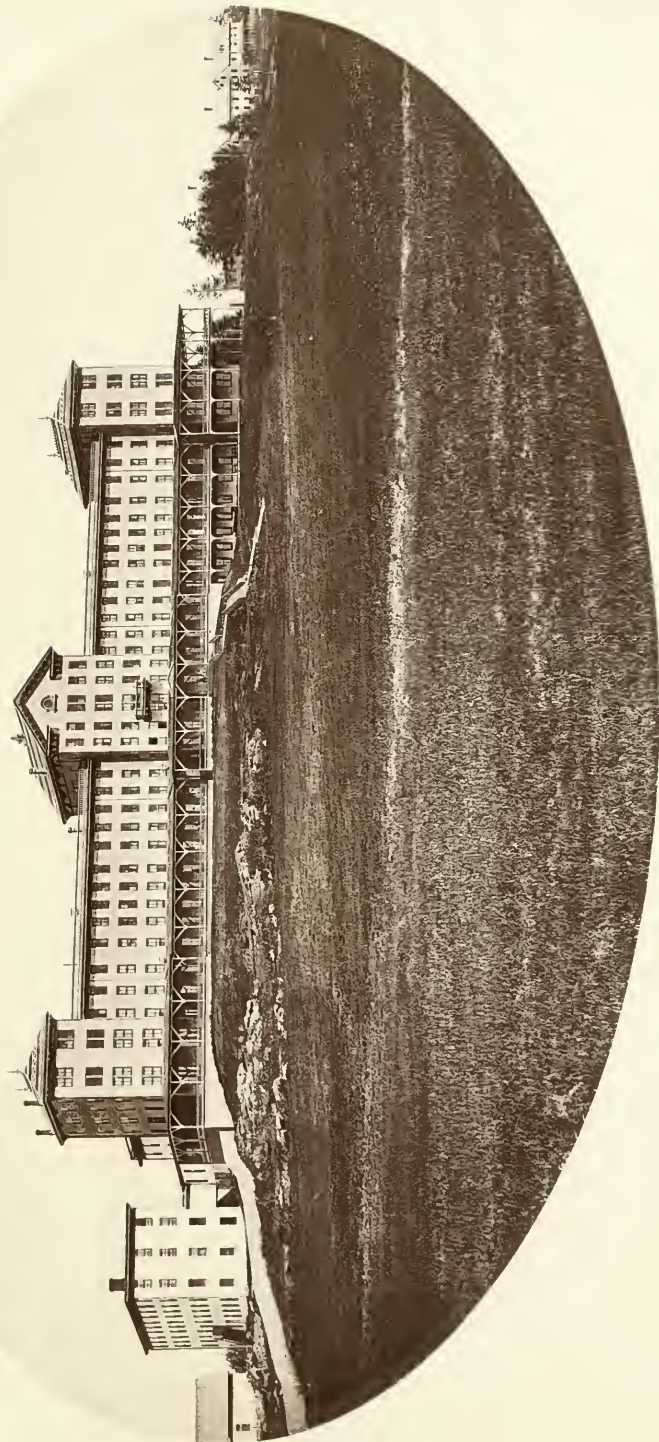
THE cities of Biddeford and Saco, near the mouth of the Saco River, fairest of White-Mountain streams, are rich in possessing very notable and famous marine scenery; the one having the summer-hotels of Saco Pool between it and the sea, and the other being endowed with the unrivalled sands of Old-Orchard Beach, the largest and most popular seaside resort east of Hampton and Rye.

Since Capt. Martin Pring entered the Saco River, in 1603, with his adventurous fleet, and Capt. John Smith and Richard Vines successively explored the river and adjacent shores, and the Biddeford men from the home of Sir Amyas Leigh began to pour down on these fair coasts, and founded a new Biddeford, what changes have time and destiny wrought! Bonython, the half-savage and outlawed Sagamore of Saco, and the villain of Whittier's poem of "Mogg Megone," was the first owner of these beach-lands; and one of his neighbors was the careful old farmer, Thomas Rogers, who cleared broad acres and planted many fruit-trees and vineyards; insomuch that his estate became very noteworthy on a coast given up to fisheries, and was called "Rogers's Garden" on the ancient maps. One group of his spray-sprinkled apple-trees remained for a century and a half, resembling Dante's wood of human souls, in their distorted and tormented aspect, and winning for the adjacent sands the name of Old Orchard Beach. In King Philip's War, this valiant pomicultural Rogers repulsed an attack of Indians from his house, and killed divers of them; but, a little later, a company of soldiers was ambuscaded on the beach, and driven to the shelter of a ledge of rocks, far below the high-tide line. Here, with the inexorable sea advancing behind them, and

hundreds of merciless savages in front, they kept up an unequal battle, and inflicted on the Indians a severe loss in killed and wounded. But no valor nor discipline would have availed them, had not the heavy and rapid firing drawn to their aid the garrison of Saco, on whose approach the red warriors fled.

The rude log-hut erected in 1654 by Henry Waddock, to serve as a tavern and ordinary, and from which the landlord and his family were swept away to a long Canadian captivity by Pequayket Indians, in 1688, was the precursor of more than thirty summer-hotels now occupying the beach, and competent to shelter four thousand persons at once. The movement to the shore began nearly two centuries ago, if not even earlier, when all the inhabitants of the country-side held firmly to a belief that whoever entered the sea on a certain sacred day late in June would be cured of all physical ailments,—as if some Bethesda angel had endowed the waters with healing power. Thousands upon thousands of citizens and farmers came hither on that day, from a radius of forty miles, in all manner of carts and wagons, carriages and pillion-saddles, and sought relief from the harvest-labors, in the flashing breakers.

The beach is indeed one of the most beautiful and impressive on the New-England coast, curving in a broad arc of a circle, nine miles long, smooth and solid, and sloping so gently seaward that at low-tide it affords a magnificent drive-way hundreds of feet wide, with the deep blue ocean booming in on one side, and lines of imposing hotels and cottages on the other. The two scenes are highly antithetical, the majestic sublimity of nature on the one side, the prettiness of watering-place art on the other; and the propinquity of the contrasting views adds great force to their opposition. Along the sands hundreds of carriages roll almost noiselessly, from the shay of the village doctor and the hay-rick of the up-country farmer to the phaeton of Miss Culture and the clarence of Mr. Knickerbocker; and countless groups of saunterers watch the vessels in the offing, or criticise the passing show of Vanity Fair, or vicariously enjoy the bracing sports of the bathers who dot all the inner surf-lines. From time to time a whistle, deep-toned enough, but sounding strangely artificial and peevish beside the undying ocean-symphony, announces that a railway-train has arrived from Portland, fifteen miles or half an hour away, or perchance from Boston, a hundred miles to the south-west, and is running along the beach close to the high-water line. When one tires



View of the White House



of the roar of the surf, as even Glaucus might once in a while, there are the beautiful dells of Fern Park, inland, with their myriads of flowers; the shadowy depths of the Ross Woods, whose dim evergreen aisles reverberate the chants and carols of countless thrushes and robins; and the Camp-meeting Ground, where urban Methodists conduct their feasts of tabernacles, summering in tents and cottages. There is also a new railroad line leading along the beach from the Boston and Maine station down towards the mouth of the Saco, and giving facilities for the easiest riding over the upper levels of the strand.

The Old-Orchard House is the chief of all the beach-hotels, and rises on the crest of an eminence which overlooks the sea and the open country inland. Here five hundred people may be found during the season, enjoying manifold luxuries, and garnering up strength to meet the demands of our electric American life. Mr. E. C. Staples, the proprietor of this great hotel, has seen most astonishing changes here since that day, nearly half a century ago, when a few pioneer-tourists induced him to take them to board in the old Staples farmhouse near the beach.

Below Saco Pool, a few miles, is the rocky promontory of Cape Arundel, with its great summer-hotel; and then come the beaches of Wells and Ogunquit, the resort of thousands of visitors every summer. The wonderfully diversified strand of ancient York, now the finest of beaches, now woody points and rocky cliffs, studded with several hotels and scores of cottages, extends thence to Portsmouth, with Mount Agamenticus a little way inland, visible for many leagues off the coast, like a huge blue dome; and the Isles of Shoals, most of which belong to Maine, and are of her choicest scenic jewels, are but a few miles off-shore.

BOOTHBAY.

EASTWARD from Bath extend the deeply scalloped shores of Lincoln County, with the Knox and Lincoln Railroad striking directly across, connecting the heads of navigation, and fringed by long stage-routes to the north and south. Trim little steamboats daily descend the river from Bath, passing through a succession of beautiful marine scenery, the sea,

the islands, and by many a quaint old hamlet, on the way to the interesting maritime village of Boothbay, nine miles from a railroad spike, and looking out upon the ocean between the islands which shelter its noble harbor. It was settled in the same year as Boston, but the enemy utterly destroyed the town fifty years later. The British Government intended to establish a navy-yard here, had not the Revolution prevented, and left it to become a fishing-village, with later claims as a quiet and satisfying summer-resort.

Ocean Point and Capitol Island have their cottages and camps, and other localities in the vicinity are utilized as cities of refuge in the heats of summer; but the jewels of the harbor, the Atlantides of these blue waters, are Mouse Island and Squirrel Island, close to Boothbay, and yet so fronted seaward that the roll of the surge never ceases upon their rugged shores. There the murmuring groves of pine-trees are threaded with rambling paths, leading out to mimic cliffs and rippling coves, or debouching upon lawns which reach to the water, or penetrating to quiet dells where the salty flavor of the sea air mingles with the wildwood perfume of crushed pine-needles and variegated mosses.

It is only fifteen years since these charming islands became known as summer haunts, and the people of the Androscoggin and Kennebec towns began to occupy them. Already fully eighty thousand dollars has been spent on Mouse Island, where there is a large and comfortable hotel, the Samoset House; and on Squirrel Island a hundred cottages have been erected, with a chapel and a well-stocked reading-room. Year by year the constituency of the islands represents a wider domain, and the descendants of the Puritans and the Knickerbockers have found out these remote shores, and here seek sweet and contented rest.

Every traveller who is interested in the romance of history should bring hither that quaint book, Sewall's "Ancient Dominions of Maine," and read of the mysterious ancient city of Norumbega, near these shores, and of Damariscove, which, the old Douai chronicler of 1607 says, "is an island very fit for fishing. And the region that goeth along the sea doth abound in fish." It was early in 1605 that Capt. Weymouth sailed from England in the ship *Archangel*, under Lord Arundel's patronage, and made his first landing and discovery at Monhegan, which he named St. George's Isle. Afterwards he explored Squirrel Island and the neighborhood with a detachment of musketeers and pikemen, and seized sev-



Windsor House, Windsor, Vermont



eral of the proud and warlike natives, with whom he made sail to England. Such was the bland introduction of Christian men to pagan aborigines, and not many decades were required to annihilate the luckless tribes of red aborigines who from time immemorial had feasted on the abundance of the eastern seas.

The excursions from these islands are all by water, over the level blue plains which reach to the ends of the earth, and up the azure-floored glens which re-enter the land — "that very gallant river, very deepe," as the first explorers characterized the Kennebec; or the many-armed Sheepscot River, penetrating to decaying old Wiscasset; or straight out to sea, to the distant blue isle of Monhegan; or through the westward islands to Seguin, where a famous light-house crowns an insulated and fortress-like rock.

Monhegan lies like an azure cloud low down on the seaward horizon, and is approached by yachtsmen in quest of the deep-sea fishing-grounds. As early as 1622 there was a considerable settlement here, of traders and fisher-folk, safe from the attacks of the Indians who roamed the mainland. Samoset, the aboriginal lord of the island and the adjacent main, was seized and carried to England by Capt. Hunt, and afterwards returned, and electrified the Pilgrims at Plymouth by walking into their village and giving them an English salutation. For many years Monhegan was the most important fishing-station in the East, until the storm of King Philip's War, breaking all along the coast, and off shore and inland, caused its depopulation. The island is nearly a league long by a mile wide, with a bold shore and high bluffs, a good harbor, a small fleet, and a thousand acres of arable land. The population is less than a hundred and fifty, supporting four shops, a school, an Advent church-society, a list of officials, and a summer boarding-house. This quaint little community is twelve miles from the nearest point of the mainland, straight out in the open sea, and near the track of the International steamboats, whose course it guides by a tall revolving light. It is a refreshing novelty of experience to stand on the high grassy deck of this fast-anchored ship of earth, and hear the breakers roar against its rocky bulwarks, while the blue Neptunian domain extends on three sides to the unbroken and remote horizon, and on the fourth is bounded by the low lines of the Maine coast.

Pemaquid is a few hours' sail eastward from Boothbay, and although

now but an open field, covered with faint ruins and crumbling bastions, it possesses more interest to the antiquarian than any other point on this coast. Here was the centre of those combats of a hundred and fifty years, in which the mayflowers of Massachusetts and the roses of England uprooted the pale lilies of France from the rugged soil of New England. It was in 1605 that Capt. Weymouth, sailing these western seas, landed at Pemaquid, and carried off certain of the fierce Wawenock Indians who then held all these peninsular domains. Twenty-five years later, in the same year in which Boston was founded, a small fort was erected here, which Dixey Bull, the pirate chief, afterwards boldly defied, and cut out all the vessels in the harbor. The district was erected into a "Ducal State" a few years later, and made an appanage of the Duke of York, thereafter growing so rapidly that in 1674, when Fort Charles was built, on the point, and the Dutch immigrants settled near, it was called the metropolis of New England. But ere many months had passed, the inland Indians, justly exasperated at many insults, swept down through the three paved streets of the village, and over the fort, and utterly destroyed the place, while such of the inhabitants as escaped the first onset fled in boats to Monhegan, far out to sea. Again re-occupied, it was again destroyed by the implacable savages; until Sir William Phips came hither with a great fleet, and caused the massive stone walls of Fort William Henry to be built, and garnished with eighteen pieces of artillery. This was then the most powerful fortress in America, and soon beat off an attack of French frigates. But in 1696 the valiant Admiral Iberville sailed into the harbor with a strong army of French regulars, Micmac Indians from Nova Scotia, and Tarratines under Baron de St. Castin, and opened such a terrible bombardment from his men-of-war and shore-batteries that breaches were soon made in the walls of the fort, and the garrison and citizens surrendered and were carried into captivity. But new fleets from the southward brought fresh relays of settlers; and in 1730 Col. Dunbar, the pragmatistical old surveyor of the King's woods in America, built the strong defences of Fort Frederick on this site, which repulsed two French naval attacks, long after the doughty Dunbar had been transferred to the government of the remote island of St. Helena.

In 1813 the British brig *Boxer*, mischievously cruising between Pemaquid and Monhegan, encountered the American brig *Enterprise*, and bore down upon her with roaring batteries, and colors nailed to the





mast. Within less than an hour, the *Boxer* was so badly shattered by the Yankee artillery that she fired a gun to leeward, and surrendered. Burroughs and Blythe, the two captains of the opposing vessels, were both killed in the action, and were buried, with great pomp and solemnity, side by side in the cemetery at Portland, where their remains still rest. During the progress of the battle, the adjacent shores were crowded with spectators, who saw the two ships wrapped in white smoke, through which leaped the red flashes of their guns; and a few venerable men can still say, with Longfellow, —

“I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o’er the tide!”

A year later, the frigate *Maidstone* anchored off Pemaquid, and sent in three hundred men to destroy the place. But the yeomen gathered quickly, and opened a deadly fire upon the barges, from the coverts of the rocks, inflicting such formidable loss that the enemy retired in confusion, and the commander of the frigate was dismissed from the service. The great war-ship *Bulwark*, 74, and other formidable monsters of the deep, often visited these shores; but were hotly received by the militia-men, who sometimes extended their patrols to blue water, and captured the saucy Halifax privateers, which were annihilating the coasting-fleet of New England.

AUGUSTA.

THE bright little capital of the State of Maine occupies a beautiful and advantageous situation at the head of navigation on the Kennebec, where the great Kennebec Dam stores up a valuable water-power, and the Maine Central Railway crosses the river on a graceful iron bridge. Among its public buildings are the State Insane Asylum, a picturesque and costly granite structure; the United-States Arsenal, surrounded with park-like grounds, which are kept with military neatness; and the State House, an imposing edifice of white granite, standing on a high hill, and enshrining in its rotunda the portraits of the ancient and modern governors, and the tattered banners which the veteran troops of the State brought home in

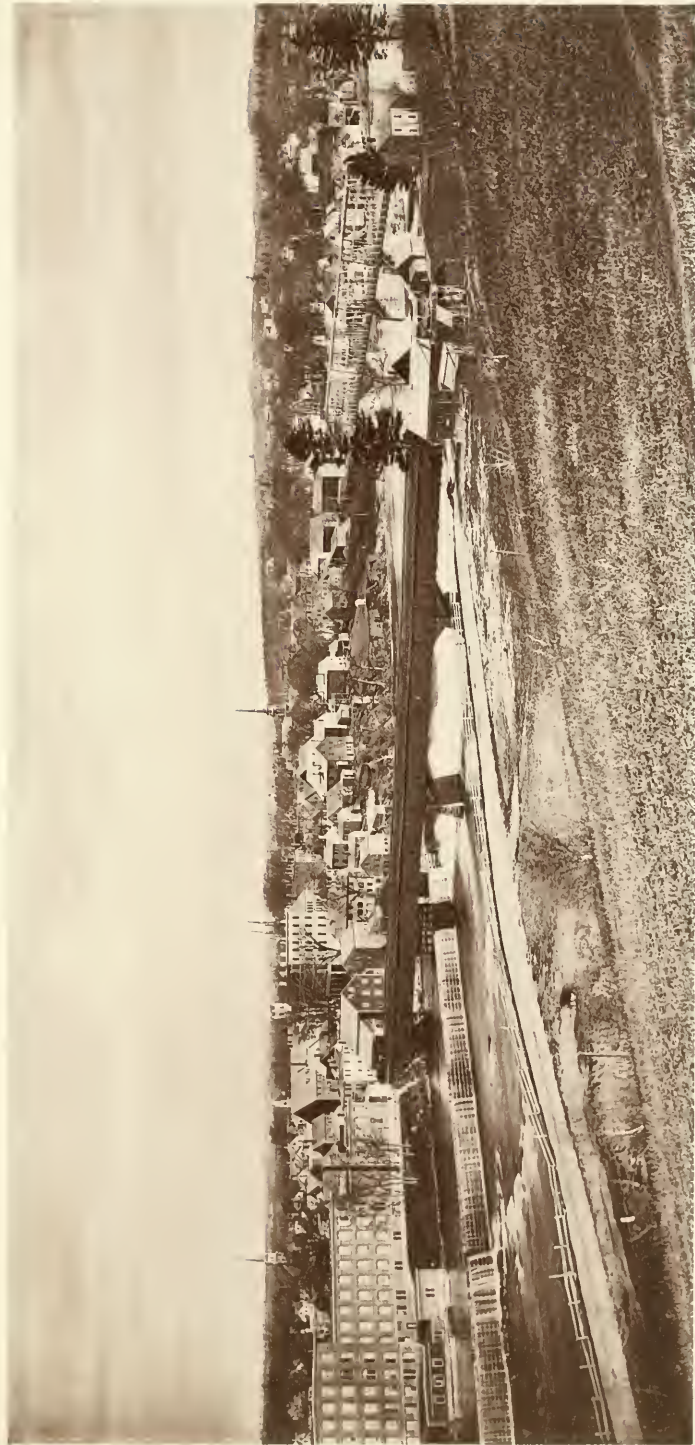
triumph from the battle-fields of the great civil war. The summit of the dome commands an inspiring view down the long reaches of the silvery Kennebec, and over the nestling villages which dot the hill-country for many a league. It is but a few months since this great Doric temple of justice was converted into a castle, sheltering battalions of armed soldiery in bivouac, and echoing the roll of bickering drums; when for a time it seemed that the methods of the French *coup d'état*, or the Mexican *pronunciamento*, were to be projected across the constitutional government of a Puritan State.

The Cushnoc Indians, the aboriginal lords of these graceful hills and sunny glens, devastated the first settlements made here in 1650 by the pale-faces, and destroyed the stone fortress which was built to defend them. In 1754 the formidable walls and towers of Fort Western were erected on this site; and here the heroic little army under Benedict Arnold rested briefly while marching through the wilderness to be shattered against the frowning citadel of Quebec. Cradled amid disaster, and twice destroyed by a merciless foe, the town has always fearlessly rallied to new and higher life and hope; and now the blue river runs peacefully between the crowded urban hills, on which eight thousand citizens exemplify the noble vigor of the Pine-Tree State, —

“Land of the forest and the flood.”

A little way down the river are the quiet old cities of Hallowell and Gardiner, perpetuating the names of their first proprietors, and comfortably supported by quarrying granite from the hills, and ice from the river. As John Neal quaintly says: “Our blossoming is granite and ice, — the fruitage is gold.” Farther down is the decadent old maritime city of Bath, where fleets of the stateliest ships were built in the halcyon days of American commerce, before our flag had been swept from the seas by Anglo-Confederate cruisers, and the legislation of fresh-water senators. The village of Brunswick is to the westward, embowering in its pine-groves the venerable halls of Bowdoin College, sacred as the Alma Mater of the two greatest masters of American prose and poetry, — Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

About the mouth of the Kennebec, a series of long peninsulas and islands project into the ocean, forming beautiful marine scenery, and replete with the romance of history. Among these are Harpswell,



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and Orr's Island, immortalized by Whittier's weird poem, and one of Mrs. Stowe's finest novels; Arrowsic and Georgetown, on whose sea-blown fields hundreds of settlers and Puritan soldiers were slain by the Indians; gray old Phippsburg, where the ephemeral Anglican colony of St. George was founded in 1606; and many another island and promontory whose name was written in blood on the scrolls of ancient colonial history.

WATERVILLE.

A GROUP of quiet streets, shaded by venerable trees, and bordered by peaceful homes; a factory or two, giving contented employment to a few score of industrious men; churches for all the creeds of Christendom; wide rural roads, leading through long-time-settled environs; a bright and rushing river, breaking into whiteness and music at the Ticonic Falls, — such is Waterville, one of the fairest villages of Maine, and one of the summer-resorts of the future. Already the great hotel, The Elmwood, lifts its handsome front above the elms and maples; and parties of guests ride away from its verandas through all the adjacent lake-country, to the bright ponds and island-strewn lakes of China and Belgrade, to the cascades at West Waterville, and along the broad and picturesque river-road. Near the sleepy hamlet of Winslow, and clearly visible from the railway-trains, still remains one of the block-houses of Fort Halifax, the ancient defence of this valley.

At Waterville also stand the buildings of Colby University, whose grim Baptist founders little dreamed that this school of their prophets would be the training-ground of the Coryphæus of American politicians, — Benjamin F. Butler. A score of men from even this rural and sectarian college gave up their lives in the great civil war; and their names are fittingly inscribed in the Memorial Hall. They are on a slab under a colossal marble statue of a dead lion, whose paw rests on the shield of the Union, — a grand monumental idea, which the sculptor Milmore adapted from Thorwaldsen's renowned Lion of Lucerne.

Waterville is on the Maine Central Railway, where its tracks *viâ* Augusta and *viâ* Lewiston join; and railroads run northward thence to

the upper Kennebec, one to prosperous Skowhegan, at the great falls; and another (from the busy manufacturing village of West Waterville) to Norridgewock and North Anson. Some of the fairest scenery in New England is found in the vicinity of Norridgewock, a venerable and classic village on the Kennebec, buried under the foliage of immense trees, which were doubtless coeval with the aborigines. The river, broad and blue, winds in graceful sinuosities between diversified banks, under clumps of stately trees, around high bluffs, and between shaggy little islands. A few miles beyond is Solon, with rich and beautiful intervalles bordering the Kennebec, and the brilliant bit of water-passion at Carritunk Falls. Daily stages run from North Anson and Skowhegan forty miles into the wilderness, a sweet and pleasing wilderness withal, crossed by invisible town-lines, and broken by occasional villages, to Dead River Village and to The Forks, a little hamlet on the Kennebec, where the solemn waters of Dead River roll in from the west. Hundreds of sportsmen sojourn at the commodious hotel here, and find abundance of hunting and fishing in the vicinity. Those who wish to pass out of New England by a most original route may take the weekly stage from The Forks to Sandy Bay, forty-four miles northward among the frontier mountains, and thence descend the valley of the Rivière du Loup to the St. Lawrence, in one of her Majesty's exceedingly primitive mail-stages. But the true sportsman will prefer to stop at Parlin Pond, or at Moose-River Village, ten leagues from The Forks, whence, in a forest-born canoe, he may descend Moose River and its ponds for forty miles to Mooshead Lake, solacing his way by fishing in virgin waters, and enjoying the finest flavor of aboriginal life in night-camps upon the bosky banks. Through all this region an increasing silence reigns, for the videttes of civilization have fallen back and transferred their attack to the unwoded prairies of the land of the Dakotas, thousands of miles to the westward, while their log-huts are left to rot away under the shadows of the renewing forest.

The upper Kennebec region is rich in the poetry of ancient legend and history, and the contemplative traveller may find in the breezes which sigh over its meadows something of that weird and half-imagined melody of pathos which is heard upon the Roman Campagna or among the rock-hewn temples of the Nile, when, towards twilight, the moving air seems vocal with the plaints of vanished races. At Old Point, near Norridgewock, stood the chief town of the Canibas Indians, a valiant and numer-

ous tribe, to whom, a decade before Plymouth was founded, French missionaries came from Quebec, and founded a semi-sacerdotal government, which was consolidated nearly a century later by Père Rale. He was a man of profound ability and fervor, and built churches, prepared books in the Abenaki tongue, and half-civilized his dusky converts. Again and again the consecrated banner of the Canibas was borne on destructive crusades over the ruins of the Puritan villages of the coast; and again and again the troops of the American colonies assailed the Norridgewock domains. At last, in 1724, the forces of the provincials, preceded by a cloud of Mohawk skirmishers, burst upon the village, and pitilessly massacred all its inhabitants, sparing not even women or children. When the few Indians who had escaped to the woods re-entered the ruined town, they found Père Rale's mutilated body at the foot of the cross; and, in the pathetic words of *L'Histoire Générale de Nouvelle France*, "After his converts had raised up and oftentimes kissed the precious remains, so tenderly and so justly beloved by them, they buried him in the same place where he had the evening before celebrated the sacred mysteries, namely, the spot where the altar stood before the church was burned." In 1833 the Bishop of Boston erected a granite obelisk on the site of Rale's grave, to commemorate its sanctity in the hearts of Roman Catholics.

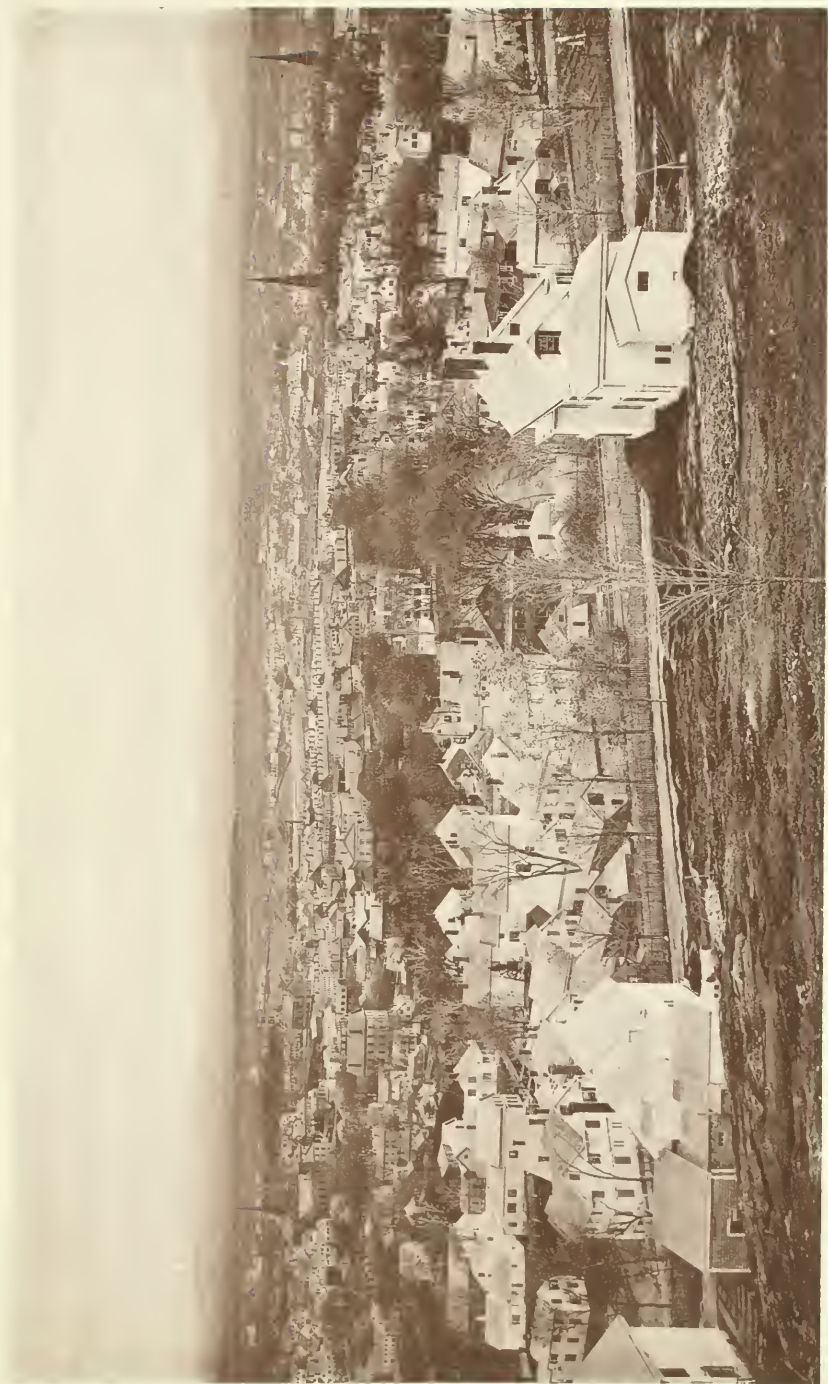
In 1775 Arnold's anabasis was conducted through this region, then in the wildness of silence and desolation. Ten companies of Massachusetts musketeers and three companies of Virginia riflemen marched from Cambridge to Newburyport, and sailed thence to Gardiner, on the Kennebec, whence they ascended in two hundred bateaux, by Augusta and Norridgewock and up the Dead River, suffering unparalleled hardships, by famine and flood, and at last crossing to Lake Megantic, and descending the Chaudière River to the northward. Eleven hundred soldiers set out from Cambridge, and two months later seven hundred and fifty only of them debouched on the Plains of Abraham, famished, half-naked, and enfeebled by herculean labors, yet brave as the paladins of Charlemagne. Seven days were passed in getting the flotilla around the falls at Skowhegan; and above, for many days the command marched in the stream, in order to push the bateaux against the rapid current. The French villages along the Chaudière still remember the march of the *Bostonnais* down their quiet valley, the first and last memorable event which occurred in

all that region. This mysterious and terrible apparition of the wilderness startled Quebec, and would have caused a fatal panic in any but a British garrison. Amid the icy night of the last day of the year, Arnold's men and Montgomery's New-Yorkers made their forlorn assault on the massy walls of the Gibraltar of the North, and in a few hours of ineffectual battle lost six hundred men and were driven off in rout. Those whom the perils of the wilderness had spared, the famine and the flood, fell in winrows under the artillery of the fortress, or wasted away in the prisons of a strange land.

BANGOR.

WHERE navigation ceases on the noble Penobscot River, sixty miles from the sea, and the great net-work of eastern railroad and stage routes converge to a focal point, the city of Bangor spreads over the crests and slopes of the hills, and controls a rural trade throughout an immense area, giving the means of comfortable subsistence to her twenty thousand sturdy Yankee citizens. The largest ships, bearing the flags of all the great maritime nations, anchor in the stream, and are laden with the lumber which floats down from the wilderness, and is sawed up in the mills which line the Penobscot for miles above. Billions of feet of lumber have been shipped from this river-port, to be converted to innumerable uses, noble or base, in the cities of the lower States, or along the coasts of Western Europe, competing with the woody products of Canada and Michigan and Norway.

The pleasantest part of the city is on the bluffs south of the Kenduskeag, where many of the best private residences are placed. In this airy location stands the spacious Bangor House, the foremost hotel in the city, and the summer-rendezvous of thousands of tourists in Eastern Maine. From the hotel depart daily stages for Mount Desert, traversing a score of hamlets and villages, and reaching the famous island over a long causeway. There are good fishing-grounds in the country about Bangor, which are explored by sportsmen from this comfortable base of supplies, — crafty fellows, indeed, who prefer the luxurious rooms of Landlord Beals to the leaky bark-camps of the lake-region.





So fair is the situation of Bangor, and so pleasing the views from its hills, that the early inhabitants resolved that its name should be "Sunbury," and so instructed their representative, the Rev. Seth Noble. But he was an admirer of the religious tune called "Bangor;" and in some queer way so mingled his hymnological preference with his political duty, that, when the speaker of the House called for the name of the new town to be incorporated, he answered "Bangor," and so it was recorded and remains. The affair looks very like a piece of ecclesiastical *finesse*, — a bit of Puritan Jesuitry; but the result was not altogether unhappy.

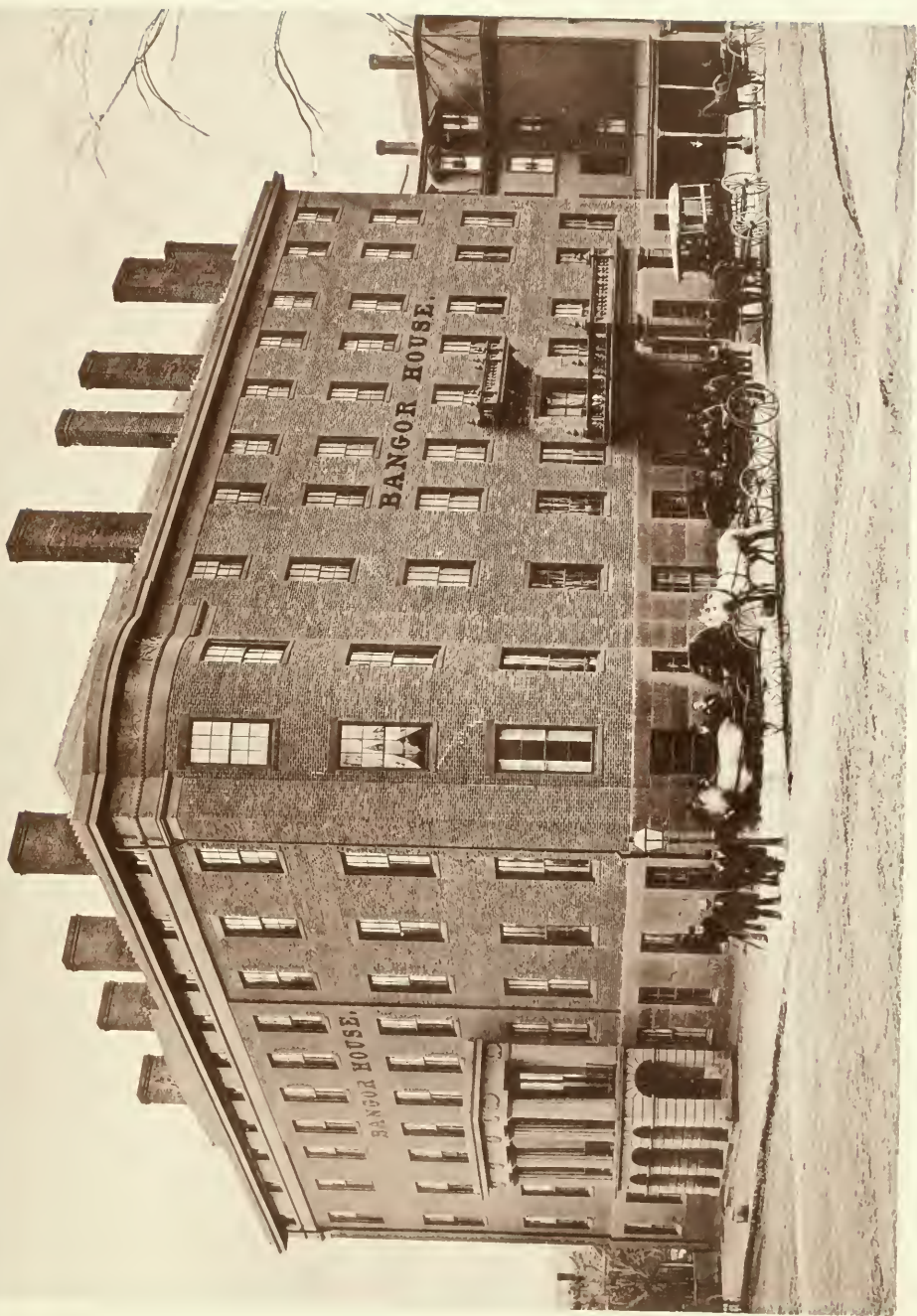
The Bangor and Bucksport Railroad is the beginning, doubtless, of a grand route throughout Eastern Maine, to Machias and Eastport. At present, its track is less than twenty miles long, and extends down the east bank of the Penobscot, through the villages of Brewer and Orrington, to a terminus at Bucksport. This port, situated in a charmingly diversified town, and devoted to ship-building and the deep-sea fisheries, was first settled by Col. Buck, one hundred and twenty years ago. Here the railroad connects with steamboats for Boston, Portland, and Machias, and with stages for almost everywhere in the south-eastern counties.

The defences of Bangor are many miles down the river, at East Prospect, near Bucksport, where the National Government has expended an enormous sum in raising the walls and preparing the armament of Fort Knox, whose heavy batteries command the river for a long distance. A few miles below is Fort Point, on which the British Parliament built a strong fortress in 1759, to serve as a bulwark against the French fleet and the Indian bands. The surrounding country was settled by veteran soldiers, whose descendants still occupy the land. The fortress was destroyed by the British frigate *Cansau*, in 1775, and a great summer-hotel now lifts its white front near the gray and venerable ruins.

The fruitful valor and traditional success of the American navy have always failed it on this most beautiful section of the republican shores; and it may safely be said that our fleets have met with more disasters and humiliations off the Maine coast than in any other waters. Pirates, Frenchmen, and Britons have in turn laid the maritime towns under contribution; and in 1724 a provincial fleet was beaten, off Thomaston, by vessels manned even by Indians. In 1814, a powerful British squadron from Halifax and the Bermudas took the fortifications of Eastport and Robbinston, and landed a thousand soldiers there, from whence they made

successful forays upon Thomaston and other points. A few weeks later, the ships-of-the-line *Dragon*, *Spencer*, and *Bulwark*; the frigates *Bacchante* and *Tenedos*, just from the Mediterranean; the sloops-of-war *Sylph*, and *Peruvian*, and twelve other vessels, with three thousand soldiers, entered Castine harbor, and took the fort, afterwards crossing to Belfast, and then ascending the Penobscot. The United States corvette *Adams* was then being refitted at Hampden; and hither the *Dragon* and other ships sailed with all possible speed. The captain of the *Adams* had placed her heavy guns in battery on the shore, and opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy; but the local militia were routed by a gallant bayonet-charge of the British light infantry, and the sailors were forced to spike their guns, burn the corvette, and flee to the woods. Then the fleet sailed to Bangor, and the infantry marched up along the river-bank, and occupied the town without resistance, levying a forced contribution on the citizens, plundering the houses, and burning fourteen vessels in the harbor. Castine was permanently garrisoned by more than two thousand British regulars, who erected a strong fortress with sixty guns on the hill, and assailed Frankfort, Machias, Camden, and other points in the vicinity, with impunity. Yet the pusillanimous militia-men of 1814 were the ancestors of the magnificent Second Maine, the last regiment on the fatal field of Bull Run, and the same which fought at Fredericksburg under a whirlwind of fire, until one-third of its members were killed or wounded.







MOUNT DESERT.



THE eastern coast of Maine, from the Penobscot to Passamaquoddy Bay, is peculiarly rich in attractive ocean-scenery, combined in the most effective manner with high mountains and rugged islands, and with a succession of fiords which rival those on the wild coast of Norway. Every year increases the number of those who leave the heated cities of

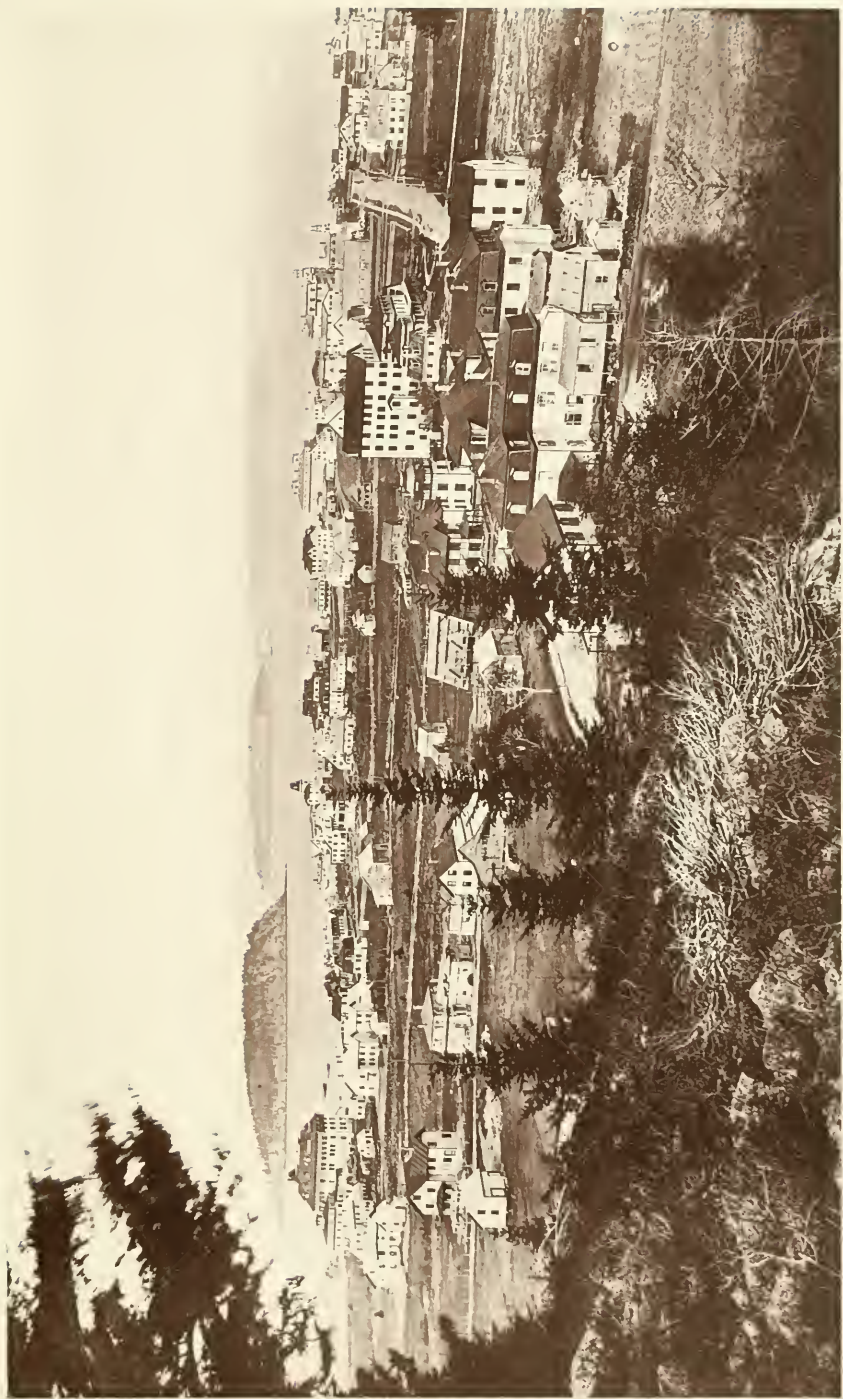
the lower coast, and spend a brief period amid these delightful scenes, where a refreshing coolness reigns during all the vernal season, and the iodated air gives fresh life to the jaded system. Among the scores of resorts between Castine and Eastport, Mount Desert is easily paramount; and thousands of visitors enjoy its rare combinations of mountain and sea-shore scenery.

From Bangor, daily stages and weekly steamboats depart for Mount Desert; and from Portland, steamboats run eastward to the island in twelve hours. Many travellers prefer to go by rail to Rockland, avoiding a considerable sea-voyage, and board the Portland steamer when it touches there, or proceed by the new steamboat "Mount Desert," which runs to the island daily.

It would be hard to find, this side of the Ægean Sea and the Bosphorus, a more charming sail than that which lies between Rockland and Mount Desert, over the bright waters of Penobscot Bay, and sheltered from the long swell of the ocean by breakwaters of islands. The tall mountains of Camden and the blue peaks of Mount Desert spring apparently from the distant waves, and myriads of islands diversify the view, some of them mere bits of rock and trees, where birds alone may dwell, and others so large as to sustain white hamlets of fishermen, with senti-

nel-spires answering the All's Well of the mainland church-towers, and slender masts rising from the sheltering coves. Over the blue waters the stanch little fishing-boats dance merrily, with their white sails filled by the fresh breezes, and their decks manned by the bronzed Vikings of New England's peaceful marine; and gallant flotillas of dories rock on the waves, while their occupants pursue schools of fish, entangled among the islands. Farther outside are tall ships of Norway or of Britain, beating in to the river, to bear away cargoes of lumber from Bangor; and broad and heavy sloops, the draymen of the sea, carrying hewn blocks of granite from the island-cliffs to build great edifices in the rich midland cities, or to furnish monolithic colonnades for the governmental palaces at Washington. The aromatic fragrance of the forests blends with the bracing air of the ocean, and the distant sounds of the farm mingle with the melody of lapsing waves and the weird cries of sea-birds. At this point, America and the Atlantic sound a perpetual antiphonal, now sinking into a dulcet *pianissimo*, on days of calm, and now swelling into an appalling equinoctial roar, or blending into such a symphony as even Rubinstein could but feebly echo. The arrangement of the shores and islands and the breezy sea is almost rhythmic in its grace and symmetry, and has a charming kaleidoscopic effect as seen from the deck of the advancing vessel. As the steamer traverses this salt-water Winnepesaukee, it skims through narrow straits between rugged and odorous islets; or emerges upon lake-like expanses, with far-away views; or shoots with arrowy speed past rocky and storm-beaten headlands, fringed with waving lines of surf; or approaches quaint and ancient maritime villages, off which the snug little fishing-craft tug at their anchors.

The richest charms of legend and romance, the fascination of historic reminiscence, linger along all these shores, and add the imperishable interest of human life and heroic deeds to this wealth of natural scenery. Three centuries have passed since the monkish geographers of Europe located hereabouts the mystic palaces of the great city of Norumbega, and bade men search here for the wealth of Prester John and the Moguls. Many a gallant navigator sailed from the ports of England to explore these unknown shores; and the Breton and Norman fleets sent their most intrepid captains to penetrate their mysteries. Gosnold, Weymouth, Popham, and the high-born Raleigh Gilbert, in succession "weyed anchors and sett saile to goe for the river of Sagadahoc;" and were rivalled





in their discoveries by Champlain, Iberville, DeMonts, and many a sturdy French admiral. Their day seems as remote as the Crusades ; and their records, written in Elizabethan English or the *patois* of maritime Brittany, are as diverting as the chronicles of the Heptarchy. After these pioneer-keels came the knightly Pyrenean soldier, the Baron de St. Castin, who married the daughter of the great chieftain Madockawando, and for many years fought the fleets of Puritan Massachusetts, among these silent islands. He indeed is the pre-eminent figure in the heroic age of the Penobscot ; and not even Rob Roy of Loch Katrine, nor William Tell of Lake Lucerne, has endowed the scene of his exploits with such a wealth of weird and marvellous legends.

More than a century has passed since the last of the long succession of sieges and naval battles shook the bay with its tremendous cannonading, when Massachusetts sent forty-three vessels, with three hundred and forty cannon and two thousand soldiers, to drive the British garrison from Castine. This great force was commanded by Commodore Saltonstall, of New Haven ; Gen. Lovell, of Weymouth ; and Gen. Wadsworth, the grandfather of the poet Longfellow. Gen. McLane, the British commander, was a brave officer, and had a trusty garrison of nine hundred men, with whom he repelled the storming-parties and made lively answer to the prolonged bombardment of the Americans. Suddenly a British fleet appeared off the harbor, — the *Raisable*, sixty-four ; *Blonde*, thirty-two ; *Greyhound*, twenty-eight ; *Camilla*, twenty-four ; *Galatea*, twenty-four ; *Virginia*, eighteen, and *Otter*, fourteen ; and, led by Sir George Collier, instantly advanced to attack the formidable semicircle of the American fleet. One broadside from the English ships broke the opposing line, and its vessels made sail in wild confusion, all considerations of honor, valor, and duty being swallowed up in a frightful panic. One hour of Paul Jones or David Farragut might have turned this marine Bull Run into a victory, or at least have surrounded the sunken ships with the glory which still hovers over the *Cumberland's* wreck in Hampton Roads. But pusillanimity ruled the day, and her Britannic Majesty's frigates pursued the flying war-vessels and transports all through the bay and its tributaries, burning some and driving others ashore. Nine American men-of-war and several transports ascended as far as Bangor, where they were blown up by their crews, still mastered by abject and panic fear. From this time until the close of the Revolu-

tion, the British held Castine, and made numerous forays along the shores of the bay, while their line-of-battle ships and swarms of privateers terrorized the entire coast of Maine. In 1812 the British again occupied the post of Castine, with a garrison of four thousand men, and held it undisturbed until the close of the war.

The *fleur-de-lys* of France and the red cross of St. George have vanished from these narrow seas, and the standards of the Puritan colony have been transformed into the bright flag of the Republic, floating peacefully here, as along the Mexican Gulf and over the Aleutian archipelago, and blending the red of summer sunsets, the white of northern snows, and the blue of the outer ocean.

The steamboat from Portland runs up nearly to the head of Penobscot Bay, threading the green archipelago of Isleboro', the home of sea-rovers, and touching at the delicious old village of Castine, with its ruined French and British batteries and snug little American fort. Here one may meet the spectacled antiquary, mousing over ruined ramparts and grass-grown casemates; the sweet-voiced girl, from the Eastern Normal School, in the village; the rough miner, prospecting for silver in the new Eldorado of Maine; or the urban summer-tourist, doubling the revenues of rustic landlords and sun-browned boatmen.

The course lies onward around the black cliffs of Cape Rosier, and down the watery lane of the Eggemoggin Reach, to the landings at Deer Isle and Sedgwick. The air grows more salty, and the fresh ripples of the bay melt into the long swell of the sea. Far out over the weltering blue waves are the precipices of Isle au Haut; Blue Hill sweeps upward for a thousand feet, under the port bow; and in front the bold ridges of Mount Desert swell into the sky. On the southern extremity of the island, the steamer stops briefly at Southwest Harbor, with its red hill-tops of lobster-shells from the canning factories, and its summer-hotels, in the entrance to Somes's Sound. Then the course is laid around the southern and eastern coasts, and up into Frenchman's Bay, with grand mountain-scenery on either side, until the village of hotels at Bar Harbor comes into view, and the end of the journey is reached.

The gazetteers tell us that Mount Desert is an island, separated from the mainland by a shallow strait, one hundred and ten miles east of Portland, covering a hundred square miles, and containing three towns and



four thousand inhabitants. Furthermore, that it has become one of the leading summer-resorts on the New-England coast, especially since the opening of the steamboat-routes, and that the village of Bar Harbor contains a full score of hotels and boarding-houses, which are visited every year by thousands of tourists.

The historian finds a fascinating subject in this remote northern island; for the first actors on its scene are Indian chiefs, French nobles, and Jesuit priests, — three classes whom the modern scholar of the Boston Brahmin class cherishes in memory with a tenderness fully equal in power to the vindictive hatred with which his remote ancestors attacked them by force of arms. It was the Sieur de Champlain who discovered the island in 1605, and named it *Monts Deserts*; and soon afterwards it was occupied, in the name of God and of Rome, by a band of French Jesuits, who, as they landed, “gave thanks to God, elevating the Cross, and singing praises with the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.” They had begun to minister to the friendly natives, to plant gardens and fields, and to erect fortifications, when suddenly there appeared an armed ship in the harbor, commanded by Argall, the governor of Virginia, and “hung at the waist with red, while the arms of England floated over it, and three trumpets and two drums were ready to sound. . . . The first discharge was terrible; the whole ship was wrapped in fire and smoke.” Father du Thet and several others were shot, and the colonists were all carried away on the invading vessel. So the Christian crosses and the Bourbon lilies went down, bathed in the blood of those who had planted them in the wilderness, and Mount Desert was left in silence and solitude. Many years later, Louis XIV., *Le Grand Monarque*, granted the island to Condillac, who was afterwards governor of Louisiana, and always proudly assumed the title, barren though it was, of “Lord of Mount Desert.” In 1785 the legislature of Massachusetts confirmed the title to Condillac’s granddaughter, Madame de Gregoire, whose grave may now be visited at Hull’s Cove. Afterwards, the islanders became famous as daring and expert mariners; and many a stately vessel was built in the quiet coves on each shore, while the sea was laid under contribution to increase the comfort of those who abode at home. Of late years, when every eligible site seems pre-empted for a summer-hotel, and villas rivalling those of Newport adorn the eastern headlands, the curse of Midas threatens the island, and only the sturdy independence of its simple people saves them from the venial degradation which has engulfed the lower classes of Naples and Niagara.

Nowhere else on the North-Atlantic coast is there such a blending of the choicest features of landscape beauty, where the mountains and the sea compete in grandeur, and their charms are heightened by noble fiords, crystalline and secluded lakes, and imposing headlands and lines of rugged cliffs. Infinite variety appears on every side, and there is hardly a phase of nature that is not exemplified in this fair microcosm. Cyprus and Capri have their mountains, the Isle of Wight its verdant parks, Bermuda its perpetual summer; but no other island within the reach of the Saratoga trunk has such an affluence of grand Norwegian scenery. There are thirteen tall mountain-peaks here, on one side sloping downward into pellucid lakes of fresh water, and on the other repelling the unceasing attacks of the surf from cliffs of time-stained rock. The deep salt waters of Somes's Sound penetrate the island for seven miles, overshadowed by ponderous mountains, and rivalling the delightful scenery of Lake George and the Highlands of the Hudson. Within an hour one can pass from secluded and silent tarns, and shadowy and windless glens, recalling the Adirondacks, to broad and rocky strands, along which the white breakers dash with deep and ceaseless music.

But the visitor to these hyperborean (and sometimes foggy) shores need not confine himself to reading Wordsworth and the Icelandic Sagas. If the island is a new Avilion, the village is a mild Sybaris, howbeit no Delmonico has yet ameliorated its fare. There are Indians here of the genuine summer-resort variety, who may remind you of the Park at Saratoga, or the abominations of Goat Island; shops bedecked with trinkets to allure the ducats of New York and Boston; guides and boatmen, whose grammar is as piquant as their hands are brown and their hearts are true; and the usual regalia of grandiloquently-named points for excursions in the immediate environs. By day, the click of billiard-balls, the impact of the not-yet obsolescent croquet, and the strokes of lawn-tennis, are heard with varying accompaniments; and, at evening, the rasping of stringed instruments, and the muffled sound of many feet, betoken that "hops" are in progress at the hotels. Miss Irene Macgillicuddy spreads her dainty skirts in the cabin of a yacht almost as dainty; and a materialized Marjorie Daw coquets bewitchingly with a humanized Miles Arbuton. Several society-novels have had their scenes laid here, indirectly implying the inferiority of the attractions of mountains, as compared with bright eyes; and demonstrating clearly that Gounod's "Maid of Athens," sung



CLIFFS AND BAY, ALBERTA, CANADA



by a clear-voiced tenor with expectations, can drown even the deepest bass of an oceanic symphony. Some may find these summer days a Vanity Fair, and others in them enter Paradise; but, meanwhile, over all flows the vast current of balmy and beneficent sea-air, giving sleep to the restless, zest to the palled appetite, and new vigor to the weary, whether of the flesh or the spirit.

The beautiful architecture of the West-End Hotel, and the luxurious parlors of the Grand Central, attract the *jeunesse dorée*, and offer to the visitor such comforts as were unknown here five years ago. It is no longer necessary to mortify the flesh in order to see Ultima Thule.

SCHOONER HEAD.

ONE of the quaint Mynheer-Vanderdecken legends of the island relates how a British frigate once ran in towards the shore, on a foggy day in 1812, and opened a hot cannonade on what it supposed to be a Yankee coasting-vessel, but which was merely a white formation on the front of a dark rocky cliff. The British men-of-war found Mount Desert a valuable station for water and other supplies during that war, just as the Russian naval contingent availed itself of the same shelter quite recently, while the Czar's armies were crossing the plains of Adrianople. Four miles from Bar Harbor, where Newport Mountain projects into Frenchman's Bay, the pallid effigy of a vessel still gives reason for the name of Schooner Head. In the crest of the cliff is the deep cleft of the Spouting Horn, through which, at certain seasons, the white waves are driven upward, and form a geyser-like jet far above the tops of the trees, with infinite roaring and crashing. Just across the cove is the wonderful grotto called Anemone Cove, — Caliban's own garden, where each receding tide leaves a new museum of strange creatures of the sea, stranded among the delicate and richly-tinted rock-weeds and mosses.

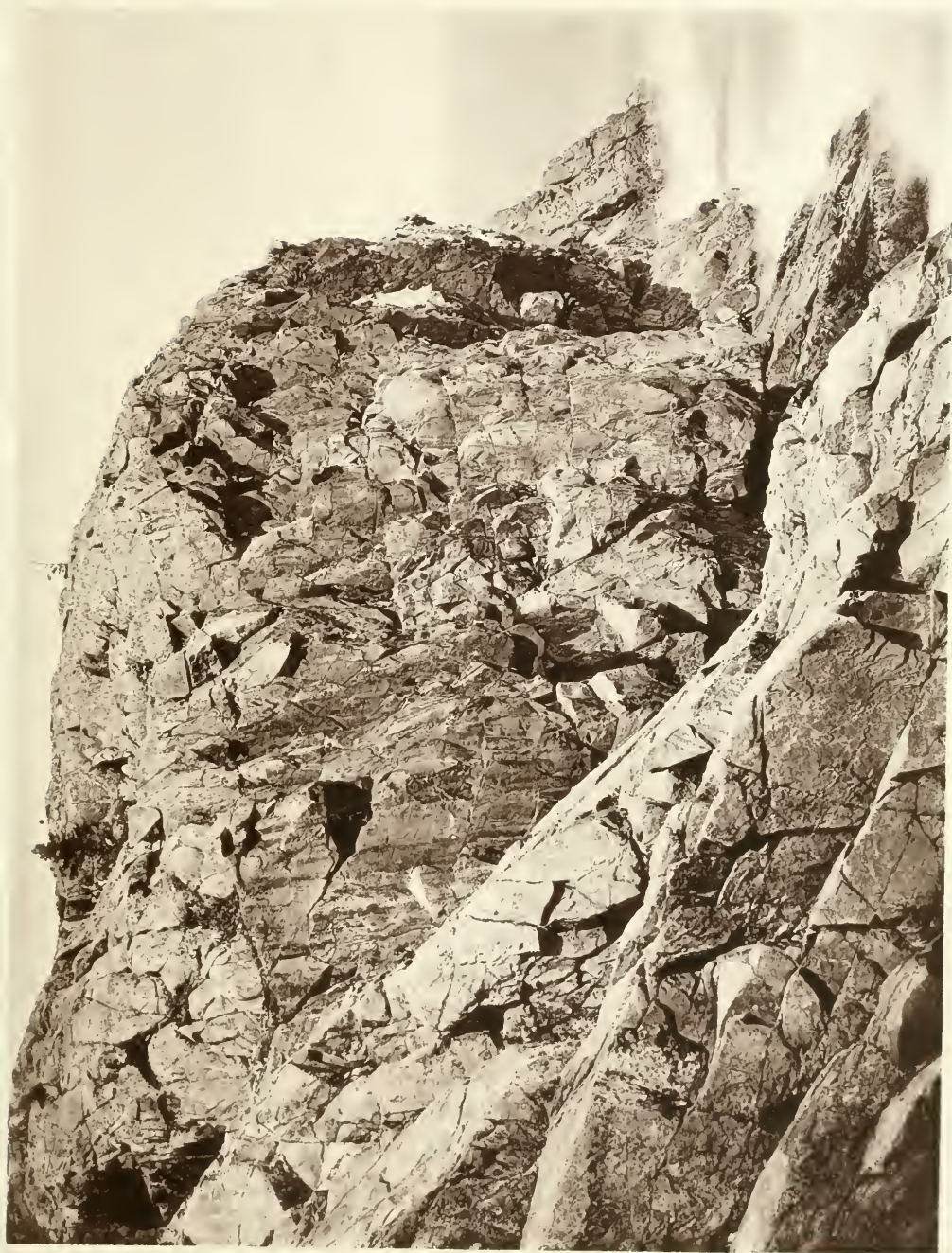
GREAT HEAD

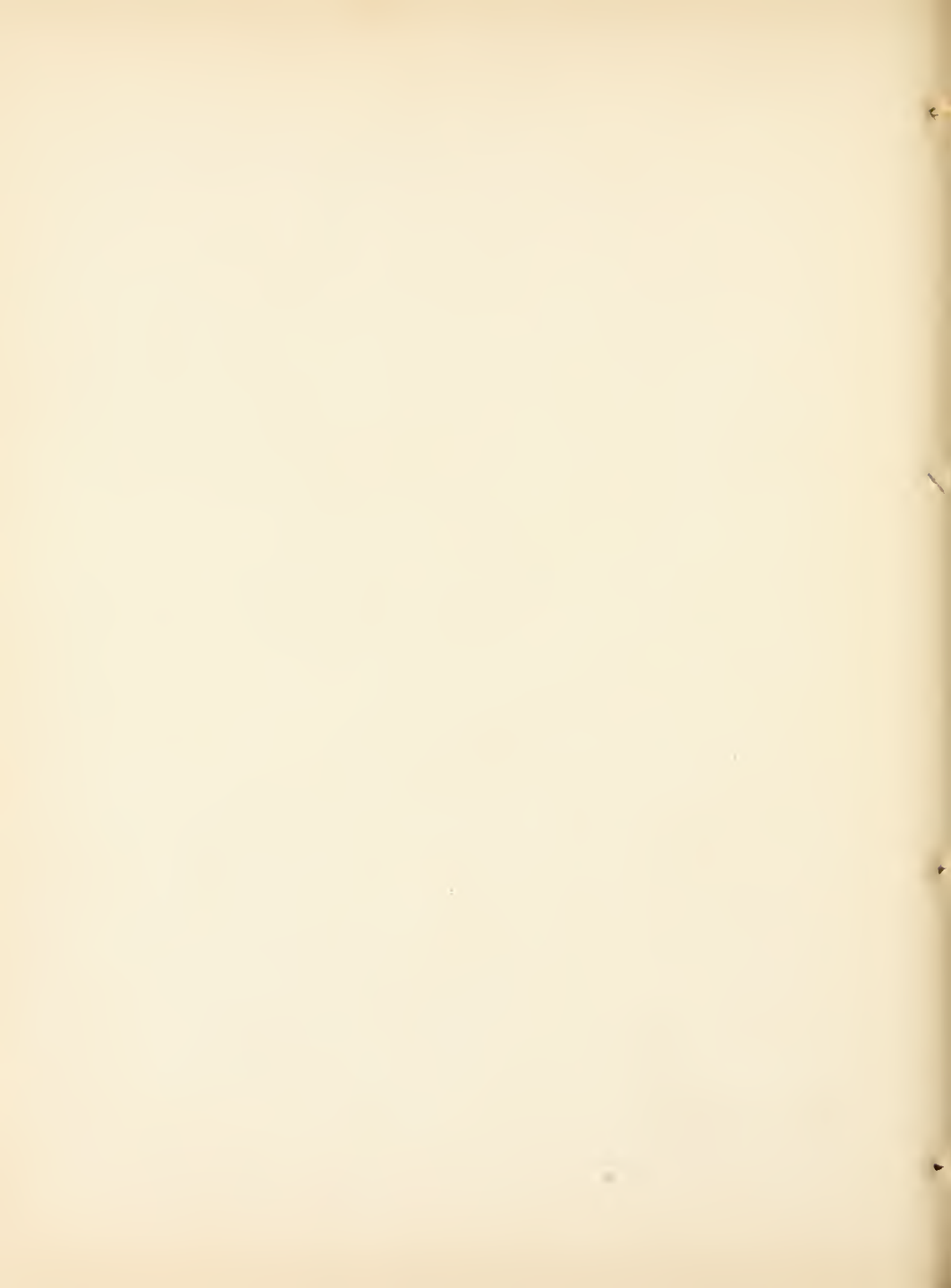
is perhaps two miles below this locality, and confronts the dashing and roaring surf with an immense barrier of firm-based rock, which throws off the assaults of the sea as easily as Monadnock repels the mountain-breezes. Emerging from the forest upon the top of these mighty ledges, a glorious panorama of the ocean breaks upon the view, while the thrilling savor of salty air becomes apparent, and the file-firing of the surf breaks upon the ear. Straight away to the eastward, the blue water wrinkles up and down until it beats on the ancient coasts of Aquitaine and Gaseony; and to the westward, close at hand, are the silent mountains, among whose defiles the red deer still lurk, and the bald eagles build their lofty nests.

THE OVENS.

NORTHWARD from Bar Harbor a road runs outward by the shores of the bay, and passes through the tiny hamlet of Hull's Cove, with its curving beach and nestling houses, and passes onward towards the bridge which unites Mount Desert with the mainland. The Ovens are a group of caverns which the sea has worn in the base of a line of porphyritic cliffs, and may be approached by boat at full tide (like the Blue Grotto at Capri), or on foot across a pebbly beach, when the water is out. Far above these rude Gothic crypts the evergreen forest lifts its waving spires, moistened by the salt spray, and bending under the breezes which sweep across Frenchman's Bay.

The charms of these coasts and islands are great indeed, but are fully matched by the differing attractions on the inland roads. A few miles within the mountain-wall is Eagle Lake, where Church used to dream of art, and mirror beauty on his glowing canvases; or Somesville, crouching among the central peaks at the head of the great sound; or the hotel-crowned summit of Green Mountain, the highest peak on the Atlantic coast north of the Greater Antilles, with its magnificent view over the ocean, the adjacent island-studded bays, and the blue peaks of Eastern





Maine. Let Whittier, the poet of New England, describe this glorious prospect :—

“ Far eastward o’er the lovely bay
Penobscot’s clustered wigwams lay.
Beneath the westward-turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie, —
Gems of the waters! with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean’s blue.
There sleeps Placentia’s group; and there
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;
And there beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father’s hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,
Half trembling as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit’s cross and book.
There gloomily against the sky,
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean-kings of old;
And faint as smoke-wreaths white and thin
Swells in the north vast Katahdin;
And wandering from its marshy feet
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with its own bright bay.”

A thousand feet higher than the Blue Hills, looming over Boston Bay, twelve hundred feet above the Navesink Highlands, and greater even than Aspotogon, the crown of the Nova-Scotian coast, this vast buttress of Maine swells into the view of sailors many leagues at sea.

Of what the nature-loving summer-visitor may discover upon and about this eastern Atlantis of Mount Desert, the tenth, the hundredth part, cannot be told. The mountaineer, the trout-fisher, the hunter, the yachtsman, the artist, the historian, the dreamer, each may find that which suits his taste, in spite of the dog-day fogs and the storms from the Bay of Fundy. Year by year increases the great current of travel which sets toward these marine highlands, and improves the conveniences for the journey and the sojourn. As one of the most gifted and enthusiastic of the lovers of Mount Desert has said, to come hither is “to find in one the

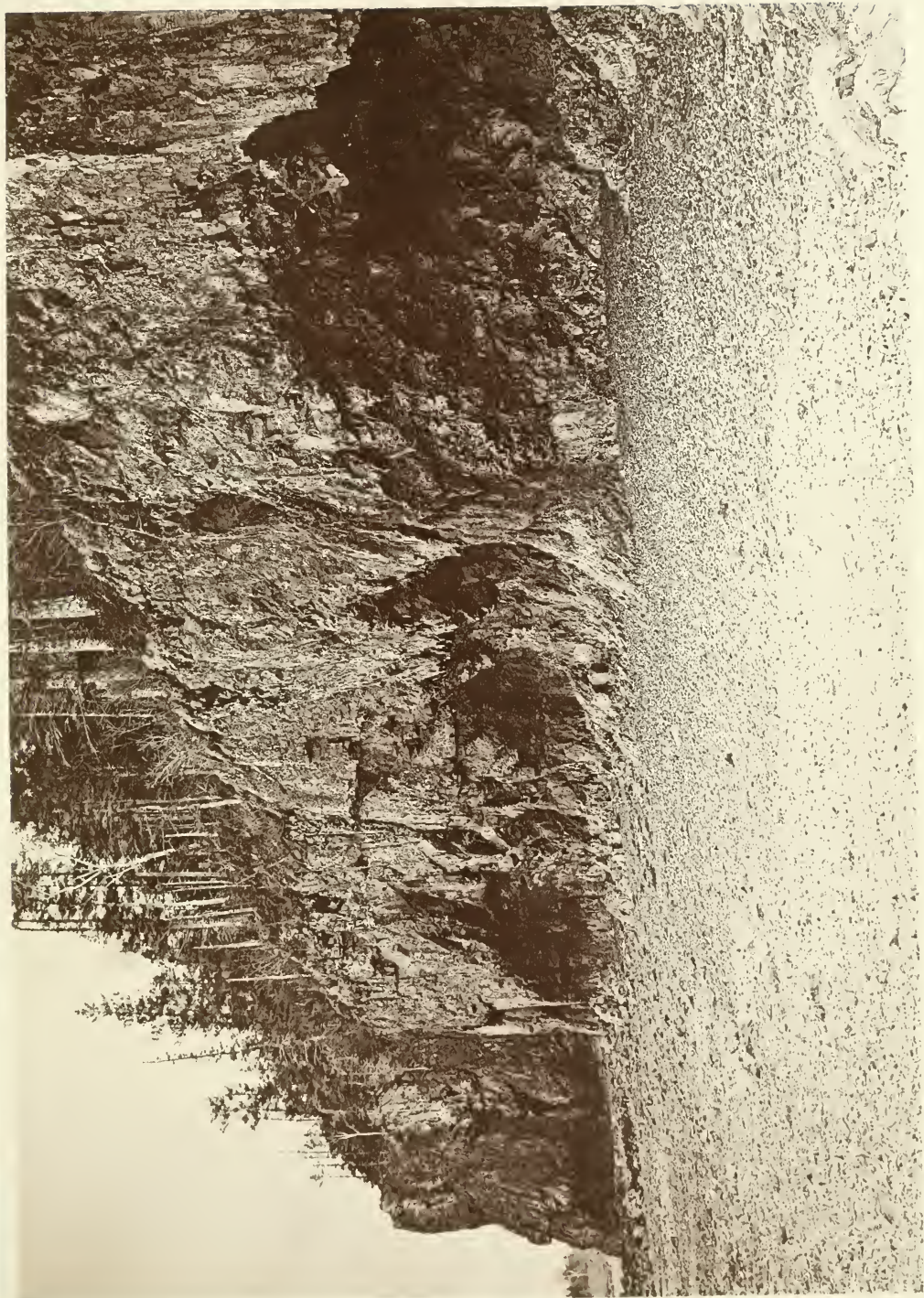
Isles of Shoals and Wachusett, or Nahant and Monadnock, Newport and the Catskills."

Near the head of Frenchman's Bay is the village of Sullivan, mainly famous for its granite, of which large quantities are exported, and for the recent discovery of silver ore among its hills, which caused the old settlements along these shores to thrill with a Nevada excitement. But the chief attraction here still is the grand view of Mount Desert, down Frenchman's Bay, and the stately blue highlands of the adjacent towns, as seen from the antique bay-side roads.

To the eastward of Frenchman's Bay, the nook-shotten coast is less known and less visited. It stretches away for many leagues to the mouth of the Bay of Fundy and the borders of the Maritime Provinces, fringed by scores of silent promontories and hundreds of islands, and penetrated by deep and navigable fiords. The coasts are bold and rocky, almost frowning, and here and there a small white hamlet is seen among the forest-covered hills, or on the narrow coves within the iron-bound wall. Machias is the petty metropolis of this wild strand, and is notable as the town which steadily voted against secession from Massachusetts, during the years in which Maine was agitating to be set off. Here also the fiery French partisan, La Tour, destroyed an English trading-post, in 1634; and in 1775 the British armed vessel *Margaretta* was captured in the harbor by the townspeople.

Beyond these memorable shores the escarped and salty wilderness trends away for leagues, to where the easternmost point of the United States makes out, at Lubec, fronting the stupendous purple cliffs of Grand Menan, and partly enclosing the beautiful nooks and island passages of Passamaquoddy Bay. On these fair waters are the remote villages of Eastport and Calais, with their sister New-Brunswick towns, and the barbaric homes of a few hundred aborigines; and somewhat inland are the bright and diversified Schoodic Lakes, where Indian guides lead to the best of fishing and the haunts of the land-locked salmon, shattering the exquisite crystal of the water with the paddles of their bark canoes.

Lubec is the last feather in the tip of the left wing of the American Eagle, but the domain of summer pleasaunce sweeps still further afield, by the garden shores of the Annapolis Basin, and the mountains which are reflected in the Basin of Minas, to the distant Gaelic glens which open towards the Bras d'Or, amidst the highlands of Cape Breton, and to





the beaches of Rustico, among the simple Acadian folk of Prince Edward Island. Still more remote, a third of the way to Europe, the brumal Newfoundlanders ride out to Portugal Cove and Quiddy-Viddy Lake, and try to realize, in a droll provincial way, the joys of Margate and Killarney.





MOOSEHEAD LAKE



MOOSEHEAD LAKE, the largest of Maine's myriad lakes, and the fairest, is one of the most beautiful scenes in all New England, so varied and picturesque are its four hundred miles of shore-line, so graceful and richly tinted its bordering mountains, so numerous and diversified its rocky islands. The topographer will say that the lake is nearly a thousand feet above the sea, and that it is thirty-eight miles long, and from one to fourteen miles wide, but he can convey no idea of the invigoration and the refreshment which dwell in its northern winds, perfumed by whole provinces of pine and spruce trees, and drifting over many a far-sequestered bay or mimic Baltic Sea, under the very shadows of the ancient mountains. Here is the cradle of the Kennebec River, which flows downward thence, by many an ancient town and quiet hamlet, to meet the distant ocean. The annual pilgrimage of summer-tourists to this grand heart of the wilderness visibly augments, as the railroad approaches its waters, nearer and nearer every year. A stronger army, full twelve hundred most stalwart men, passes upward through this region every winter, to cut the lumber in the remoter forests, and to prepare material for new cities. At last, also, Ceres and Pomona have sought these tranquil shores, and here and there, far up the lake, the white farm-houses glimmer out from the edge of the forest, and narrow fields bear witness to the pioneer's plough. When bright villages dot these silent shores, and the mellow music of church-bells floats over the evening waters, how fair shall be the scene and how peaceful!

Already there are numerous hotels at different points, two at Greenville, two at the head of the lake, one at the outlet, three in the eastern



FOOT OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.



A. BRANTON—AMERICAN MUSEUM, BOSTON

MOUNT KINEO, FROM BIRCH POINT.



bays, and one, the dean of the faculty, at Mount Kineo. Sailboats of various patterns, and great variety of smaller craft, navigate the waters; and a small fleet of steamboats finds active employment there. But the native loons and bears have not yet fled to the absolute seclusion of Allagash Lake, and the riparian townships remain happily unnamed.

The simplest and most expeditious way to get to Moosehead Lake is to leave Boston at seven in the evening, on the Eastern Railroad, breakfasting at Bangor, and then changing to a train which reaches Blanchard about noon, and connects with a stage running eleven miles north to the foot of the lake. As the train ascends the Penobscot, above Bangor, it passes long lines of lumber-booms and mills, where the ligneous products of the northern wilderness are stored and handled. At Oldtown (where the home of the remnant of the Tarratine Indians is seen on the island in the river) the lakeward train diverges up the valley of the Piscataquis, and traverses a series of thinly populated farming towns, over which the far-off peak of Mount Katahdin glides swiftly. At Blanchard, *vox et pre-terea nihil*, the hilly road begins over which the stages carry thousands of travellers, sometimes too weary or impatient to enjoy the views of hills and highlands, ponds and lakes, as the horses swing merrily down the long slopes to Greenville, the chief port on the northern lakes, and the centre of logging forays and supplies. Lowell saw Greenville as "a little village which looks as if it had *dripped down* from the hills, and settled in the hollow at the foot of the lake;" and Thoreau found it "the infant port of Greenville, with mountains on each side, and a steamer's smoke-pipe rising over a roof."

The voyage up the lake by steamboat is perhaps a little disappointing, for the exquisite beauty of Lake George and the wayward fascination of Winnepesaukee are alike lacking in this stern and solemn inland sea. There is charming scenery to be found in the bays and streams which enter on every side, combined with high blue mountains and *bric-à-brac* islets; with no small attendance, inharmonious but not unwelcome, of portly trout, not to speak of an occasional pair of moose and caribou, drinking from the crystal coves, or the advent of *Ursus Americanus*, attended by a troop of droll brown cubs.

The course of the bold steamboat leads northward through skirmish-lines of fragmentary islands, until Greenville fades unregretted from the sight, and the Squaw Mountains, virile and sturdy despite their title, rise

on the port bow, as the white wake of the paddle-wheels swirls across wider and widening reaches. On the right, but so hidden as to be visible only to the eye of faith, is Lilly Bay, a delicious alcove of several miles area, which enjoys, all to itself, an archipelago, a mountain-range, and a hotel, with easy access to the forest-bound Roach Ponds, abounding in trout, and dowered with a farmhouse-tavern. The next episode of the journey leads between Deer Island and Sugar Island, the one containing three thousand acres and a summer-hotel, the other seven thousand acres and the homes of myriads of nature's feathered and furry children. Emerging from the strait between these typical microcosms, the laboring bark enters the broadest part of the lake, with Mount Kineo far in advance, and the Outlet House visible on the left, four miles away, where the Kennebec trips downward over a long and formidable dam. Some leagues off, under the starboard quarter, is Spencer Bay, a deep, broad, and symmetrical body of water, daintily enclosed from the lake by two points of land which approach an islet in the centre of the narrows, over-shadowed by the Spencer Mountains, more than four thousand feet high, and giving outlet to the lily-perfumed waters of many a deer-haunted pond. If the day is clear, the tremendous cliffs of Mount Katahdin may be seen, forty miles to the eastward, and more than a mile above the sea-level. Islands and inlets galore, famous in the chronicles of Moosehead, pass astern one by one, and at last the stanch steamer is moored at the wharf of Mount Kineo.

More than half-way up the lake, and nearly closing it, a peninsula projects from the eastern shore, bearing on its northern part the tremendous and cliff-bound mass of hornblende, 2,150 feet high, called Mount Kineo, and on its southern half the bright and commodious hotel which serves as the summer-capitol for all this region, the rendezvous for scores of trusty guides, the pharos for hundreds of birchen gondolas, the Gehenna of myriads of luckless fish. Here, at last, early hours and flannel shirts are in good form; and sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks have no connection with belladonna or carmine. The copious vegetable supplies of the house are produced on the peninsula, where beaches, caverns, ledges of gold-quartz, croquet-grounds, Indian wigwams, and the inevitable base-ball diamond, crowd for the possession of the narrow acres. And in all directions extend the watery ways, by which to visit many a famous islet, pond, or bay, rich in scenery or swarming with finny game,



MOXIE FALLS.



ALBERTSPE—FOHNER & H. STON

RIOGENUS FALLS — LOOKING EAST.



whereon books have been written in extolment; and all overlooked by the far-viewing and legend-haunted crest of Mount Kineo, the Salute dome of a new Waltonian Venice. To my mind, nothing in all the vast Maine woodlands is so transcendently beautiful as the view from Kineo, towards sunset, when the wide and silent lake, with its countless jagged bays and tributary ponds, is flushed with splendid rosy light, enclosed in a setting of scores of leagues of dark evergreenery, and reflecting the stately forms of many lofty mountains. And all is so profoundly silent! No *angelus* from village church-bell, no long-drawn whistle of locomotive, no shouts of home-bound laborers, break the prolonged hush which rests on all the wide landscape.

When Thoreau encamped on this peninsula, his Indian guide beguiled the evening hours by singing ancient Latin hymns, which the French Jesuits had taught his ancestors two centuries before; and Tahmunt, the Tarratine hunter, told him that the lake derived its name from the resemblance which the first European visitors found or fancied between the shape of Mount Kineo and that of a moose's head. The primeval aboriginal name of the lake was Sebamook, of similar extraction to Sebec and Sebago, and meaning nothing more than reservoir or pond. Dr. Jackson, the State Geologist between 1830 and 1840, says that the hornstone hatchets and arrow-heads of most of the New-England Indians were obtained from the Kineo cliffs.

Lowell is a good judge of mountains, having turned his kindly and inward-seeing eyes upon every famous height between Beacon Hill and Soracte, and therefore we may respect his admiration of these "deep-blue mountains, of remarkably graceful outline, and more fortunate than common in their names;" and derive a certain reminiscential comfort in his assertion that Mount Kineo and Capri resemble each other in shape.

The present Mount-Kineo House is about six years old, and accommodates four hundred guests. For nearly twenty years, however, the peninsula has been a favorite resort for sportsmen, who find ample amusement and hard work among the adjacent coves and islands, fishing from cranky bark canoes, or creeping through the remoter woods in search of the moose, the bear, or the caribou. But now a new order of things is beginning; and paths are made plain for the use of ladies, of whom larger and larger numbers come hither every year, howbeit their Saratoga trunks appear to have been quarantined at the railroad terminus. Here they

ramble along the thousand feet of Pebbly Beach ; or explore the dainty natural fernery of the Moody Islands ; or sail under the Saguenay cliffs of Kinco ; or picnic on the sentinel islands of Cowan's Cove ; or float dreamily over the silvery waters of Brassua Lake, — very contentedly, and not without evoking romantic memories, although their gondolier is a Yankee Jonathan, and croons Dr. Watts right nasally, instead of singing Tasso's burning lines. The Moosehead guides are indeed skilful and trusty men, and usually earn their three dollars a day by a sufficiency of hard work.

Semi-weekly, a stanch steamboat of the Moosehead fleet runs up twenty miles from the Mount-Kinco House, through the wide expanses of the North Bay, to the head of the lake, passing here and there a clearing, and viewing the environing mountains retrospectively. The two deep bays which enter the plashy lowlands at the head of the lake lead to two portages, the one, the North-west Carry, giving a canoe-able approach to within a few rods of the Penobscot waters ; and the other, the North-east Carry, provided with a pier which makes out far into the lake, and a small hotel, from which a portage-road leads to the Penobscot (West Branch) in two miles — although Lowell said, after carrying his baggage across, "My estimate of the distance is eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four miles and three-quarters." Canoes ascend this stream from the North-west Portage to the Forks, a distance of sixteen miles, in ten hours, passing but two houses, on the ruins of the Old Canada Road. Influent streams on either side come from the homes of the moose and the beaver, in yet unprofaned sylvan solitudes. From the Forks it is twenty-seven miles — several days' journey — to Abacotnetic Bog, where hundreds of deer and caribou are in undisturbed possession ; and a carry leads thence to Baker Lake, one of the ultimate sources of the great St. John River, and two days' journey from the Seven Islands.

Descending the river from the North-east Carry for eighteen miles, over many a rushing rapid, the canoe-man enters the long and narrow Chesuncook Lake, which has a length of eighteen miles, with an extreme width of three, being hardly more than a bulge in the Penobscot. A small village of farmers, with school-house and hotel, stands at its head, and is constantly frowned upon by the great peak of Katahdin, monarch of the wilderness, far in the south-east. A road leads thence to Moosehead Lake ; another to the exquisite scenery of Caucomgomoc Lake, twelve

miles north-west ; and still another crosses to the long expanse of Chamberlain Lake, the chief lacustrine reservoir of the Allagash River. To the northward are lakes on lakes, rivers, mountains, woods, and nothing else, for scores of leagues, with a numerous antlered population, and dense colonies of *salmo fontinalis*, but no human residents, almost up to the boreal shores of the St. Lawrence River. There is room enough and game enough for the whole Abenaki tribe ; and there is timber enough for all the Manhattan Hotels and Massachusetts villages of the future. Slowly does civilization advance upon this Black Forest of New England, for the ploughs and the strong arms which should have broken its soil have found a comparative Sybaris beyond the Mississippi ; and now the feeble skirmish-lines which halt before its dark fastnesses are composed of the conservative Swedes of Aroostook, and the sluggish Acadians of Madawaska.

The great Aroostook region is beyond the forest, and contains uncounted miles of rich and arable virgin soil, producing remarkable crops, and adequate to the support of a great population. Fifty years hence, these remote counties will be the garden of Maine, dotted with prosperous villages, and contributing appreciably to the wealth and power of the State. Grain, grasses, and potatoes flourish on the alluvial limestone soil, and abundantly reward the labors of the farmers. This is the sole rural district of New England into which immigration is now moving with a perceptible current. The only railroad route is eastward from Bangor to McAdam Junction, and thence northward on the New Brunswick and Canada Railway, through the western counties of New Brunswick. In order to avoid the ignominy of getting to her garden by passing through foreign lands, Maine should either build a new railroad to Aroostook, or annex the border counties of New Brunswick. It would probably be easier to construct the railroad.

Mount Katahdin, the loftiest peak in Maine, lies between the East Branch and West Branch of the Penobscot, and attains a height of 5,385 feet. So far does it lie from all haunts or tracks of men that it is but rarely visited ; although the tall blue mountain is conspicuous for many a league in all directions, and even from Mount Desert and Mount Washington. The usual route to the summit is by a rude path from near the confluence of the West Branch and Sandy Stream, below Chesuncook Lake, and the ascent may be made in a day ; though more direct travellers ride in from Mattawamkeag to Sherman Village and Katahdin Lake, fifty

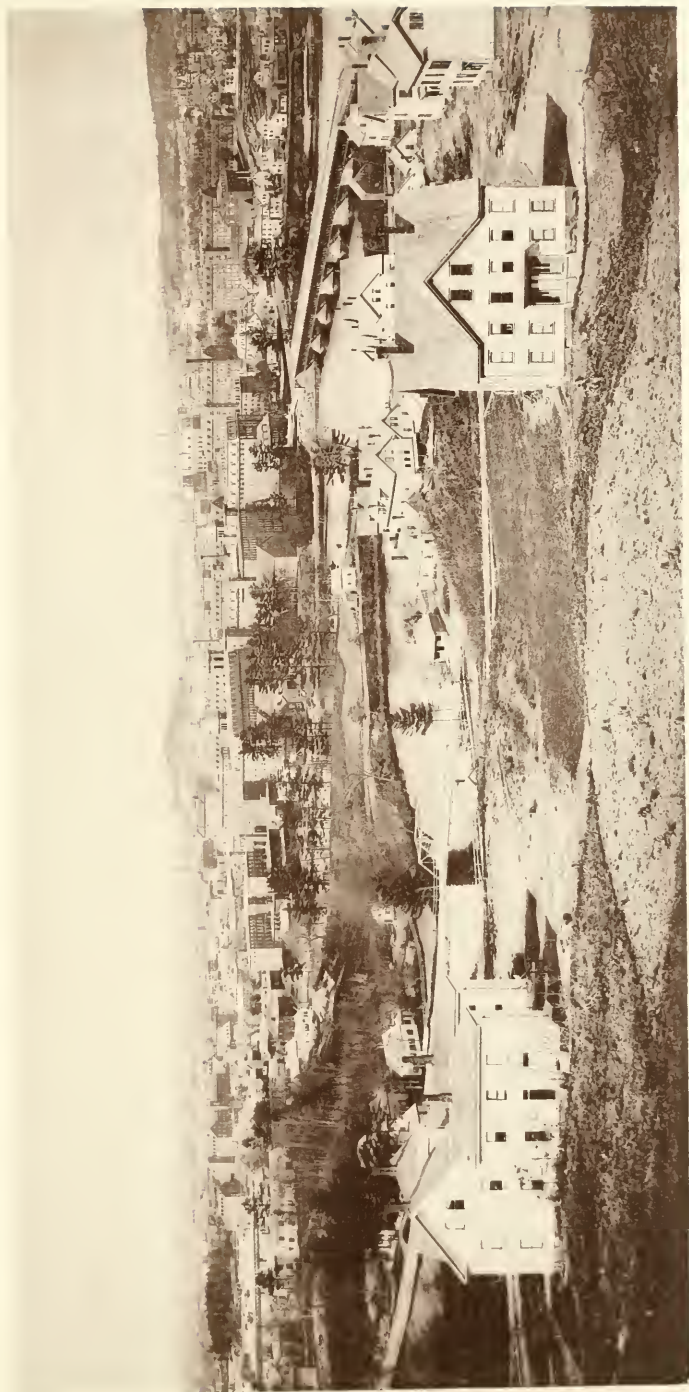
miles, and thence ascend the wildest and most formidable side, tramping for eight or ten miles.

Above the slides which scar the slopes of Katahdin is a long and mossy plateau, from which rise the two peaks, joined by a narrow and perilous *col*, one of whose sides is a perpendicular cliff, hundreds of feet high. The architecture of this lofty crest is peculiar and sublime, especially where its escarped precipices look down into deep gulfs below, dotted with dark ponds, and filled with crinkling ridges. Along the plateau and up the steep peaks no trees grow; but rocks abound, gray and time-worn, and thick clouds have their favorite habitation. Five hundred lakes are visible from this lofty watch-tower, scattered in all directions upon the apparent greensward of the low-lying forest, and resembling, as one has remarked, a mirror broken into a thousand fragments, and widely scattered over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the sun. On one side is the charming diversity of Moosehead Lake, fringed with mountains, and the unbroken silvery expanse of Chesuncook; on the other is the archipelago of Millinokett Lake, whose chief glory is that it reflects the image of Katahdin; and many another forest-tarn and highland-pond, famous in the annals of piscatorial enterprises, and bearing names as long and resonant as ever aboriginal explorer inflicted on modern type-setter. The prospect is redeemed from gloom and monotony by these bright silvery lights alone; for the white village-spire, the quilted farm-clearing, the aligned buildings of the hamlet roads, are alike invisible, and the green tide seems to have overflowed the whole world. Millinokett Lake, that exquisite gem of the forest, is over five miles long, and nearly as wide, and contains scores of wooded islets, on whose account the Indians gave it the melodious name which it now enjoys.

It is a little over ninety miles by the river from Chesuncook Lake to Mattawamkeag, on the railroad beyond Bangor, and many tourists descend thither in canoes, traversing the lakes into which the stream broadens, and passing within a day's march, and in constant sight, of great Katahdin. From Lake Ambajejus a short portage leads to Millinokett Lake, where an occasional wandering artist spreads his canvas, and realizes Whittier's poetic vision:—

“Where the crystal Ambajejus
Stretches broad and clear,
And Millinokett's pine-black ridges
Hide the browsing deer.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF SALT LAKE





.
Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
Of Katahdin's sides,—
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
Torn and ploughed by slides."

LEWISTON.

LEWISTON is one of those modern manufacturing cities in which the main strength of New England rests, resonant with the hum of machinery, and harnessing the great rivers into the service of civilization and luxury. Lines of tall factories are drawn up along the canal which distributes the power of the river, flowing down through park-like vistas, and overlooked by the tall Gothic tower of the City Hall. Between the city and its neighboring municipality, Auburn, are the high falls by which the Androscoggin descends to its lower levels, leaping downward, white and roaring, with some remnants of its far-away White-Mountain life and passion. Even now, as it breaks over the black ledges, full-voiced and revived by rains in the wilderness, it sometimes recalls the weird legend which attached to it many years ago. It was narrated, around the blazing hearths of the valley farmhouses, that about the time of Queen Anne's War, a certain man from the coast-settlements became weary of civilized life, and burdened with deep misanthropy, insomuch that he bade farewell to the homes of his people, and departed into the forest, alone. After long and disconsolate wandering he pitched his abode on one of the islets above these falls, and longtime dwelt there, supplying his simple wants from the abundance of forest and stream. At last the Indians, who thronged these meadows, felt their wonder and reverence change into fear and hatred, and laid plans, in the wigwams of the powows, to kill the mysterious stranger, detailing fifty of their bravest warriors to drop down the river by night and land near his camp-fire. Somehow, the venerable hermit became aware of the intended attack, and secretly extinguished his evening embers, and kindled a new fire just below the falls. Silently the canoes dropped down the hurrying stream: the way seemed long, but the current was swift, and the light ahead lured them

on, until suddenly they were involved in the rapids, and shot arrow-like over the dark cliffs into the profound gulf below, whence not one of the devoted band emerged.

Through the fertile and diversified plain, between the sister-cities, the placid Androscoggin still flows, the outlet of the remote Rangeley and Umbagog Lakes, and of streams which interlock with the Connecticut and the Chaudière. After descending through the wildest regions of New Hampshire, and veering away from the very bases of the White Mountains, the stream winds sinuously through Western Maine, with many a noble fall, and through a long curve of forest-townships, where the nineteenth century as yet advances with slow and hesitating steps. Here, among the swelling limestone ridges and blueberry-covered mountains of Rumford, are the finest falls in Maine, where the great Androscoggin descends a hundred and sixty feet, in a succession of thunderous leaps, over bold walls of granite. The natural attractions of this point would make of it a second Schaffhausen, but the practical Yankee mind already dreams of better things, in respect to profit, and foresees it enjoying the revenues and sheltering the servile populations of a second Lowell. The Arcadia which surrounds an eligible water-power in New England must become a minor Birmingham, and the Oreads give place to the mill-girls.

The celebrated Poland Spring is a few miles west of Lewiston, and four miles from Lewiston Junction, on the Grand Trunk Railway. This fountain of healing has risen to great prominence, within a few years, and is annually visited by thousands of people, from all parts of the Republic. It has as an adjunct a great hotel, eight hundred feet above the sea, and commanding a view which extends even to the White Mountains, and includes lakes, cities, forests, and a measureless open country. Even if the complicated alkaline silicated water, with its various carbonates and chlorides, fails to reach the disordered system, the pure air of the Poland heights, the peacefulness of the surrounding country, and the inspiration of the broad views, must somehow bring healing, at least to a mind diseased.



View of the old mill race, looking down the river.

WINTHROP POND.

THE town-house of Winthrop, the forum of the local conscript fathers, stands on a height which looks afar over placid farm-lands and peaceful straths, and commands the blue hills of Dixmont, far over towards the Penobscot ; while from the neighboring summit of Mount Pisgah one can look out across a region which is, on the whole, fairer than the Canaan which Moses surveyed, and is terminated by the dim lines of the White Mountains. The village stands on a narrow strip between Lake Annabesacook, which extends far to the south, and contains a secluded island on which many Indian remains have been found, and Lake Maranacook ("Deer Place") with its groups of islets and its banks dotted with white farmhouses and hamlets. The railroad between Lewiston and Waterville runs along the shores of these waters, and crosses Maranacook on a long bridge, from which very pleasing views are obtained, including not only the placid bosom of the silver lake, but also the embowered hamlet of Readfield Corner and the distant heights of Kent's Hill, crowned by the buildings of the famous Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College. Winthrop has nine ponds within her boundaries, wherein black bass, pickerel, and perch abound, and on whose shores such numerous relics of the Indians are found as to prove that these were favorite resorts of the vanished races.

Not far to the eastward, in a picturesque region of rolling hills and arable fields, lies the Cobbossee Contee Pond, a beautiful sheet of water one mile wide and nine miles long. The grassy pastures slope gently down to its placid margin, and here and there groves of cedar and red oak are reflected in the still bosom of the highland waters. Scores of islets gem the surface of the pond, forming the fairest combinations of scenery ; and its seclusion from great routes of travel adds to the rural charm and intensifies the deep repose of midland nature. Hither often rode the venerable and benevolent Benjamin Vaughan, who was born on the island of Jamaica, and became a leader of the Whig party in the British Parliament, but emigrated to Hallowell in 1796, and was known as "the rural Socrates." During the forty years of his life at Hallowell, he was visited by many eminent scholars and philanthropists, and his

custom was to ride with them to the Winthrop Ponds, whose scenery he declared to be the most interesting in New England.

A few miles to the northward are the contiguous rural towns of Rome, Belgrade, and Vienna, whose Campagna and Prater are filled with sinuous and picturesque lakes, sweeping in countless curves and bays among the grassy highlands, and giving a rare beauty to the landscape. The summer guests at Waterville take great delight in driving about the shores of these calm inland waters, and through the peaceful rural neighborhoods adjoining.







THE RANGELEY LAKES.



IN a lofty plateau in North-western Maine, high up toward the Canada line, surrounded by leagues of woodlands, sleep the calm and crystalline waters of the Rangeley Lakes, the favorite and best-beloved summer-home of thousands of American sportsmen. Here the gamiest of fish invite attack, and test the nerve and skill of the disciples of Izaak Walton, the while insidiously ruining their instinct for veracity. Along the shores and among the solemn aisles of the neighboring forests is a great variety of warm-blooded game, from the chattering squirrels, children of Adjidaumo, and the clanging wild ducks, the Shuh-shuh-gah, up to the graceful deer and the stately moose, the lord of the northern wilderness. On all sides silvery lanes of mountain-water debouch into the lakes, flowing out from long leafy labyrinths, and fed by secluded and delicious tarns, amid whose bowery shores Amaryllis indeed might have found a happy home. In the deep pools below, so clear that the air above seems heavy in comparison, dwell the patricians of the *salmo fontinalis* family, nervous, wary, lissome fellows, quick to the well-hidden hook, invincible to the novice, but affording to the experienced angler the most exciting and successful sport, and giving sweet solace to the palate of the victor, rewarding him as Mondamin did the weary Hiawatha. Here the fisherman finds the keenest and most satisfactory enjoyment, meeting foes to the full worthy of all his powers; and gathering those experiences which, when magnified with the usual Waltonian hyperbole, serve to amuse and not instruct the knights of the evening camp-fire. Although these lakes cover but seventy-seven square miles in the aggregate, they are larger than Ontario and Erie on the horizon of their admirers, who

return to these sequestered shores, year after year, with the same high anticipations and happy memories.

The trout which have given celebrity to the Rangeley Lakes are very large and vigorous, and sometimes exceed eight pounds in weight. Professor Agassiz maintained, in the face of opposing appearances, that they are of the same species as the ordinary brook-trout. Their average weight is somewhat more than one pound.

The altitude of the lakes is very considerable, and lifts the camps of the anglers and gunners into the region of coolness and balmy air. Rangeley Lake, the uppermost of the series, is more than fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The others fall away to the westward like Titanic steps; and the level of Umbagog is fully two hundred and fifty feet lower than that of Rangeley.

The amazing sesquipedalian names of the lakes are not the least of their charms, and give them an aboriginal flavor from the outset, besides affording a constant exercise to the vocal organs of visitors. "Doubters may smile and smile at these names," says Winthrop; "but they are geography." And indeed they are short and crisp, — monosyllabic, as it were, — in comparison with certain others which might be mentioned, even amid the ancient civilization of Massachusetts.

The eastern route to the Rangeleys leads from Portland to Farmington in about five hours, over the Maine Central Railway, through the rural towns of Cumberland County, and up the long Androscoggin Valley, a region distinguished by the Indians as *Rockomeka*, the Great Corn Land, and now famous for its fine cattle. A noble race of men also is indigenous to these rolling hills and fertile valleys; for here Gen. O. O. Howard, the American Havelock, was born, and in Livermore the famous Washburne family, so prominent in the West, first saw the light.

FARMINGTON.

HIGH on a hill over the valley of Sandy River, stands this pleasant village, the metropolis of North-western Maine. The streets are over-arched by long double lines of sugar-maples, and other trees, bearing



witness to the good taste of the citizens and the antiquity of the settlement; while half a dozen churches, three well-known academies, and the grim county buildings of Franklin County, are the tall hieroglyphs which mark various phases of modern civilization. In the environs is the Little Blue School for boys, appropriately occupying the picturesque house and estate where Jacob Abbott lived when he wrote the famous "Rollo" books, those charming classics of the young people of the Tyler-Harrison epoch.

For many years, perhaps centuries, the Canibas Indians occupied the fertile intervalle at Farmington, and raised their wigwams and tilled their grain-fields by the side of Sandy River. In that famous year, 1776, the first white men entered this region, and straightway seized the cultivated meadows, and reared their log-houses, laying the foundations of the pleasant village of to-day on the ruins of the aboriginal capital.

A singular little narrow-gauge railroad, newly built and equipped, runs from Farmington to Phillips, about eighteen miles up the Sandy-River Valley, passing several quaint and preternaturally quiet hamlets among the hills, and awakening unaccustomed echoes from the venerable forests. Phillips is a pleasant and peaceful village, giving very good accommodations to the summer-sojourner, at the new Elmwood Hotel, a spacious first-class house, and at a comfortable old inn, the Barden House. With its environment of very lofty and stately mountains, and its rich and picturesque surroundings, this place is rapidly gaining prominence as a quiet summer-resort, from which charming drives may be taken in all directions. The famous Kennebec Peaks, Saddleback, Mount Abraham, and Mount Blue, are near by, and easily accessible; and from their summits unfold prospects of most conspicuous beauty and extent, including Mount Desert on one side and the White Mountains on the other. There are several localities in the neighborhood where trout are found in great numbers; and bits of scenery here and there through the valley attract the attention of the lover of nature. The stage-ride from Phillips to Rangeley Lake is full of exhilaration and interest, and the eighteen miles of road are traversed in four hours. The rude county highway coquets with Sandy River for nearly the entire distance, now broadening into a petty plaza, in the hamlet of Madrid, and then creeping sinuously over the spurs of Mount Saddleback, overlooking the valley for many leagues, and the high ranges which rise on every side. The stage bowls downward on the further

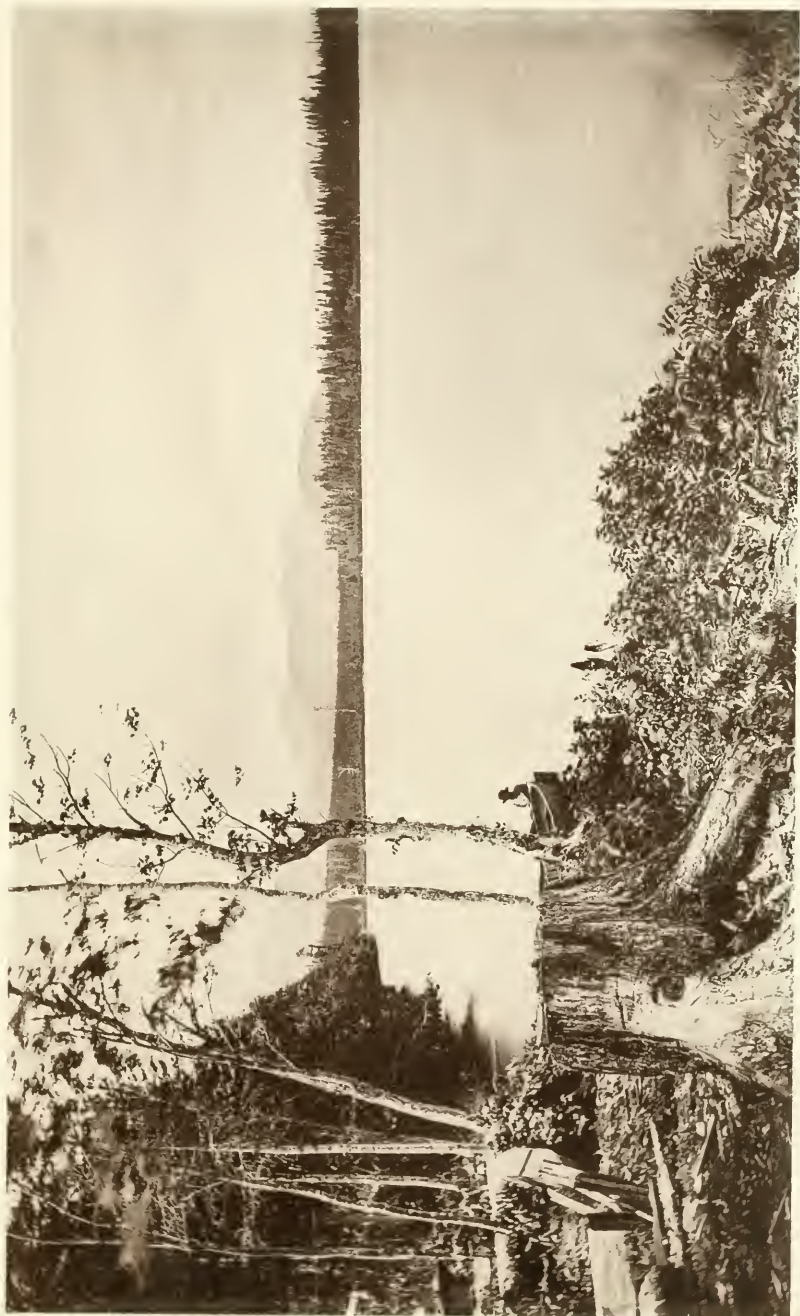
slope, between the ponds in which Sandy River and the Androscoggin take rise, to flow so far apart; and at last approaches the navigable Rangeley waters, near the hotel at Greenvale.

RANGELEY LAKE.

MORE than fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and covering an area of fourteen square miles, stands this beautiful sheet of water, about whose shores, alone of all the Rangeley Lakes, the stir of civilization is beginning to be heard. Nearly seventy years ago, sturdy Deacon Hoar reversed the accustomed march of Empire, and left Leominster, in central Massachusetts, to seek a home in this savage solitude. From the hamlet of Phillips he advanced four days' march into the wilderness, dragging all his family goods and furniture, and two babies, on a rude hand-sled, while Mrs. Hoar and five other children followed on foot. A few years after this, a sturdy English squire named Rangeley bought all the land in this region, and dwelt for fifteen years near the lake which bears his name, ruling the domain with a mild patriarchal feudalism, and ultimately seeking more complete seclusion among the wild and Cherokee-haunted mountains of North Carolina. It is perhaps due to his efforts that the northern shores of the lake now produce a famous breed of horses, which have borne away many a prize at the fairs and races of lowland Maine.

At Greenvale, the head of the lake, is a hotel and wharf; at Rangeley City, the end of the stage-route, are two hotels, besides mills and shops; and near the outlet is the Mountain-View House, hard by Camp Kennebago, and facing the long slopes of Bald Mountain. The famous Indian Rock is below, near the snug camps of the Oquossue Angling Association, whose wealthy New-York members have laid out over twenty thousand dollars in improvements at this point. Boston parties (a term which has mystic and forceful meaning here, as it has in Colorado and Florida, and begins to have in Sonora and Chihuahua) have lately bought an island well out in the lake for their demesne, and may perchance enjoy the local flavor of their insularity, geographically as well as ethically.

The south and west shores of Rangeley are still wildly solitary and



KENNETH LAKE



rugged, and rich in quaint and almost grand scenery. But the favorite scene which visitors to this region desire is the quiet pool in which the vivid colors of the trout are gleaming, and this is found near every shore. As the steamer, the *Mollychunkamunk*, runs down the lake, many a quiet cove is seen on either side, where the speckled treasure awaits the beguiling of the New-York and London flies.

KENNEBAGO LAKE.

A NARROW trail leads northward from Rangeley, fourteen miles into the wilderness, to Kennebago Lake, which is five miles long and two miles broad, unbroken by islands, and enwalled by ranges of bold highlands. No dam has been erected here, and so the surrounding forests have escaped the poisonous soaking of back-water, so pernicious on the other lakes, and still retain their original vigor and luxuriance. Two sportsmen's camps occupy conspicuous positions on far-projecting points, and command views of the blue Kennebago Mountains, looming over many a crystal-walled colony of trout. A little further northward are the Seven Ponds, and over the water-shed heights beyond is the mournful valley of Dead River, along whose course, a century ago, Benedict Arnold led an American army, to dash itself to pieces on the embattled walls of Quebec.

CUPSUPTIC LAKE.

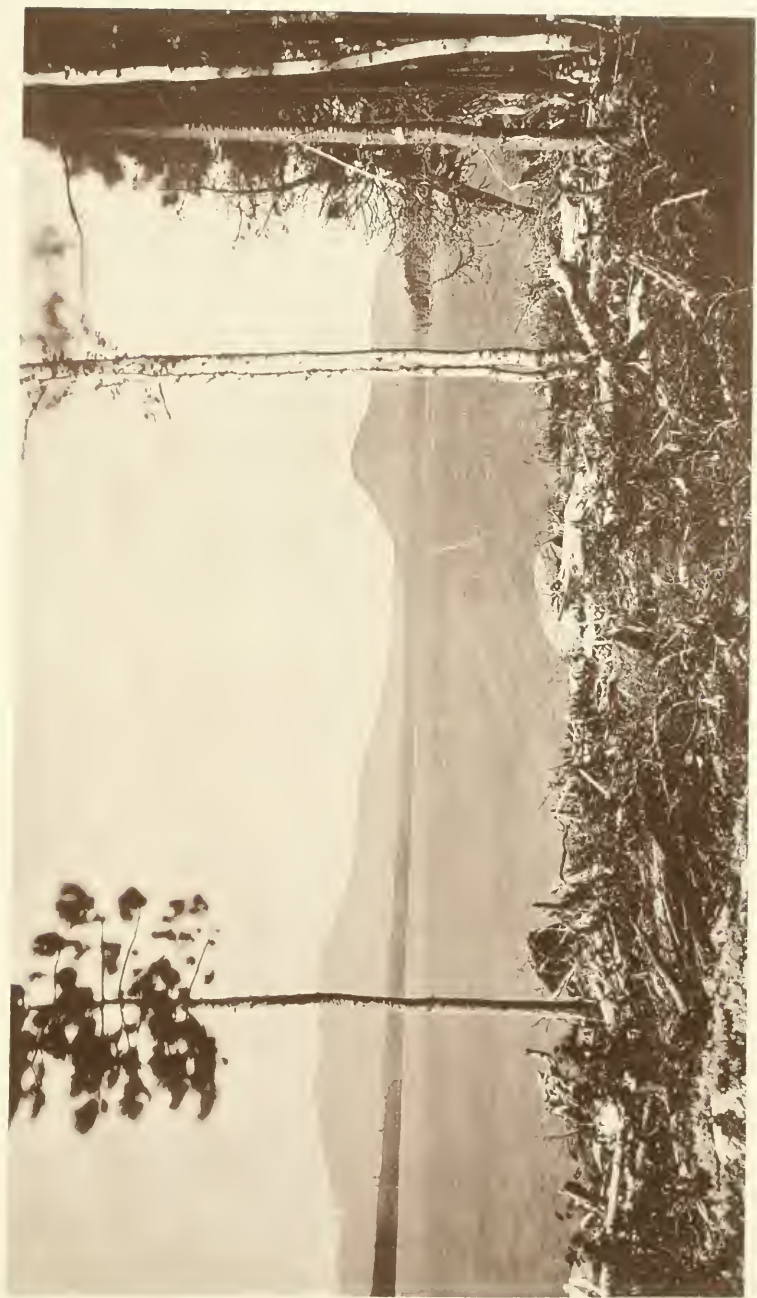
THE fair waters of this highland tarn stretch away from Indian Rock to the westward, dimpled by rugged islands, and invaded by several long promontories, which enclose quiet and sequestered coves and reaches of sand-beach. Cupsuptic extends nearly two leagues, from the point where its own influent river brings down a silvery tribute, to the smooth and navigable strait which debouches into Lake Mooselucmaguntic.

LAKE MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC.

THE "Great Lake" covers an area of twenty-one square miles, and affords broad and noble vistas, terminated by the remote and stately forms of the White Mountains. The admiral of these waters is the tiny steamer *Ogunosoc*, which plies with great dignity between Indian Rock and the Upper Dam, and affronts the venerable forests with a whistle like a boat-swain's call. Here and there, on the rocky knolls of the mainland, or near the sandy beaches of the coves, are commodious buildings for the entertainment of sportsmen, still preserving, in their generic name of "camps," the memory of earlier and less elaborate shelters. Allerton Lodge, near the echoing shores of Bugle Cove, is one of the best of these summer-cantonments; and twelve miles to the south is a still larger establishment, arranged like a Hudson's Bay trading-post, and dependent on the myriads of fish which are hatched in Bemis Stream. Broad prospects open across the placid waters, bounded by the most picturesque of highland shores, recalling the Trosachs, and reflecting the pale blue crests of many a stately and unvisited mountain-peak

THE UPPER DAM.

ABOUT midway of the rapid stream which connects Lake Mooselucmaguntic and Lake Mollychunkamunk is a vast and ponderous rampart of rock, timber and iron, whose purpose is to hold back the waters of the upper lakes, controlling the supply of power to the manufacturing cities far below, and also reserving means for floating down the annual rafts of logs, the contributions of these northern forests to constructive civilization. The dam is fifteen hundred feet long, and so firmly built that when the sluices are closed it holds the water of the lake at nearly fifteen feet above the natural level. In June, when all is ready, and the floating tree-trunks are massed above, the gates are opened, and lines of bateaux, manned by gigantic lumbermen, shoot through the wild and boiling rapids, followed by myriads of logs, which sweep downward in wild con-



View from the Canyon, Mountain, & Canyon, Lake

fusion and with the speed of the wind. More than two million dollars' worth of timber has thus passed through the gates of the lake-country, in a single year, whirling downward through Umhagog and along the Androscoggin, hard by the bases of the White Mountains, to its ultimate destination in the cities of the seaboard.

In 1877 the water-power company of Lewiston purchased the dams on these lakes, with their privileges and appurtenances, for the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and made them an appanage of the cotton-factories, scores of leagues below. In like manner, even fair Winnebepesaukee, the Smile of the Great Spirit, is cribbed and confined to feed the mills of Lawrence and Lowell; and the pellucid waters of Lake George are turned to utilitarian uses at the factories of Ticonderoga.

The buildings near the dam are the summer homes and headquarters of ardent sportsmen, who pursue their fascinating prey among the waters of the adjacent lakes, dropping their dapper town-made flies under the lee of the rocky islets, and over the sunken reefs where trout increase and grow fearless. Forest-trails lead inward to the beautiful Richardson Ponds, embowered in sylvan shade and dotted with mimic archipelagoes, whose shores are haunted by scores of timid and large-eyed deer. Here the northern Nimrods push out in canoes, after sunset, with blazing torches in the bows, and, as the four-footed denizens of the solitude hurry to the beach to look upon the floating flames, make them pay as dearly for their curiosity as did Mother Eve and the wife of the fugitive Lot. Others there are, strong-limbed explorers, who penetrate to the lonely crest of Mount Aziscohos, and look down upon the dark Magalloway land, and southward to the glimmering peaks of the White Mountains.

LAKE MOLLYCHUNKAMUNK.

How daintily the airy fancy of Theodore Winthrop played with this deliciously long and bewildering name! "Bewildered Indian we deem it,—transmogrified somewhat from aboriginal sound by the fond imagination of some lumberman, finding in it a sweet memorial of his Mary far away in the kitchens of the Kennebec, his Mary so rotund of bloom-

ing cheek, his Molly of the chunky mug." The delightful amusement of hypothetical etymology could surely go no further than this, even with the aid of Max Müller or Richard Grant White.

The lake covers an area of ten square miles, and is 1,456 feet above the sea-level, with cold, clear waters in which the choicest of trout abound. The northern part forms a broad and beautiful expanse, bounded by islands, and overlooked by distant mountains on all sides. Here the summer idler, from the blazing cities of the lowlands, can rest and emancipate himself from the thralldom of civilization, drifting over the still waters in the light and graceful canoe, or dreamily listening to the rustling of the forest, beyond the vague light of the evening camp-fire. The very essence of beauty in solitude, near to nature's heart of hearts, appears in the prospect from Camp Bellevue, where the lake is a bright and silvery foreground, leading the eye to the faraway mountains, blue, rugged, and enwalling the whole scene, as peaceful as if it were the Happy Valley of Rasselas, transplanted to the far West.

A rocky strait, two miles long, called the Narrows, joins Mollychunkamunk with its sister lake below, and permits the daily passage of one of the pretty little steam-vessels of the Rangeley navy.

LAKE WELOKENEBA COOK.

THIS name, worthy of the genius of a German theologian or a Greek dramatist, belongs to one of the fairest of the Rangeley lakes, on the lower levels of the great forest stairway of silver. Many a bosky islet rises above the glimmering waters, where the wild loon agitates the silence by his weird cries; and at the end of the long line of mountains which stretches to the southward sparkles the snowy crown of Mount Washington. At the South Arm of this miniature Windermere is a little wharf, where the stages from Andover connect with the steamer which daily makes the unperilous passage of the lower lakes, touching at the Middle Dam and thence venturing into the remoter navigable waters of Mollychunkamunk, even to the vicinity of the great Upper Dam.

The Middle Dam is one of the colossal valves of this system of inland

circulation, and stands at the head of the sparkling Rapid River. Here are more sportsmen's camps, where the *ennuyé* citizen exchanges brick and brownstone for the worshipful Gothic architecture of the Dryads, and doffs his dyspepsia and his broadcloth in favor of a ravenous appetite and a comfortable shooting-suit. A road leads down for five miles to the shore of Lake Umbagog, the last and lowest of the series, where the steamboat runs across an invisible geographical line into New Hampshire, and visits Errol Dam, on the way to the marvels of Dixville Notch and Connecticut Lake. Then it fares southward through the brown water, to Upton, at the end of the lake, whence daily stages run through the bristling Grafton Notch, to Bethel and the north-eastern gateway to the White Mountains.

The visitor to the summit of Mount Washington can see, far in the north, and depressed in a great bowl-like valley of woods, the silvery shield of Lake Umbagog, overlooked by blue Aziscohos, and flanked by the glittering sheets of the upper Rangeley Lakes. So also the bold navigator on Umbagog may see the high peaks of the White Mountains, very far away, cutting firmly against the southern sky in a long sierra of vivid azure. The dashing Magalloway River meets the outlet of this lake, flowing downward from the Canadian frontier, and from the primeval forests about Parmachene Lake, the most secluded gem of western Maine, yet even there not too far afield for the Yankee hotel-keeper to rear his Dover cliffs of painted clapboards. When the pioneer "gentlemanly host" came to this point, he was not allowed a span of ground on which to erect his hotel, whereupon he constructed a large raft, and upon that an inn, wherewith he could float, rent-free, over the eminent domain of the lake, while his guests caught trout from their chamber-windows.













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